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ON THE ROPES?

Sports journalist **Sarah Deming** comes back to the pages of *Penthouse Forum* with a look at the world of women boxers in **The Sweet Science (page 32)**. Deming, a Golden Gloves champion herself, examines why women's boxing is not as lucrative and prestigious as men's boxing against a background of women fighters competing at last year's U.S. Olympics Trials in Memphis. True to the nature of the sport, when the subject turns to Mixed Martial Arts and Ronda Rousey, the gloves do indeed come off.

Elsewhere, our own **Mandy Stadtmailler** offers tips for men to use with the ladies when it comes to the sometimes touchy topic of anal sex in this month's **Girl Talk column (page 14)** and the deepest, darkest fantasies of your fellow readers come alive in **Open Forum (page 48)**.

So sit back, grab a friend (or make a new one, depending where you're reading this) and enjoy the latest issue of America's favorite couples erotica magazine!

The Editors

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By our loyal readers

PENTHOUSE FORUM

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YOU DON'T SAY

"Feel free to disagree with somebody, but don't try to just shut them up."

President Obama, discussing people who disagree with somebody and try to just shut them up

**THE BIG ONE**

Concerned parties can now rest easy with the confirmation from historian Peter Fleischmann that Adolf Hitler did indeed have only one testicle. Documents thought to have been lost but which were found after a 2010 auction confirm that, before being sent to prison in 1923, Hitler was diagnosed with "right-side cryptorchidism," in which his right testicle did not descend into his scrotum. Rumors had been circulating that he'd had a ball shot off during World War I, but they were bollocks.

MASTERS & THE JOHNSON

Vero Beach, Florida, police were called to a local Spencer's Gifts store recently after employees witnessed Christopher Masters, 33, trying to walk off with some of their inventory — namely a butt plug and a stroker can — stuffed down his pants. Cops later learned that Masters actually had enough money on him to buy the jack-off tools, but he stole them because he was "too embarrassed" to pay for them. Masters was later released on enough bond to have bought himself those toys, and a whole lot more.

Model depicted in photo.



THIRD TIMES A CHARM

Talk about repeat offenders. Frank E. Blake, Jr., was cooling his heels in a Virginia jail when he got a visit from his wife. No biggie, until his other wife showed up. Officials then learned

Blake hadn't divorced the first lady before marrying the second. Interestingly, the first lady was his second wife, whom he married before his divorce from his first wife was finalized. He's still in jail, now on charges of bigamy, which he didn't know is a felony.



Models depicted in photo.



MERRY BLOODY XMAS!

In an attempt to help British women "through the Christmas period," Huddersfield hot spot The Camel Club decorated their Christmas tree by hanging tampons from it. The "Sani-Tree" was applauded by some feminists for trying to "normalize a part of nature that is often presented as vulgar and offensive," and for satirizing a recent controversy about the taxation of feminine hygiene products. Another feminist asked to comment called the tree "very offensive," adding, "I'm actually unhappy about this sexist behavior." Guess we know where Huddersfield's Krampus is hiding. . . .

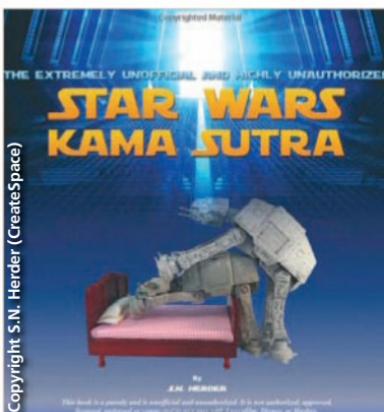
COME IN THE DARK SIDE

We bet The Force isn't the only thing that's going to awaken once Disney's lawyers get a look at *The Extremely Unofficial and Highly Unauthorized Star Wars Kama Sutra*, a new book by S.N. Herder. The

daring new venture into *Star Wars* marketing features all your favorite characters in various states of intergalactic intercourse, such as bounty hunter

Boba Fett, Chewbacca and some horny Imperial Force droids. We're not sure if the book shows Han

Solo living up to his name or Princess Leia, well, getting Leia'd, but as long as Darth Vader doesn't tell Luke "I am your father," at the wrong moment, we say live and let live.





FRESH BALLS

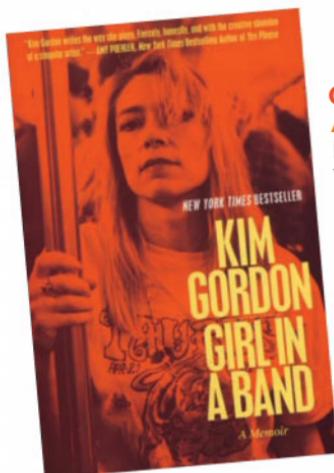
No one wants to suffer funky balls. That's why we're thrilled to have discovered Fresh Balls. This cool cream will keep your sac from getting sweaty, making you a much happier man. Simply rub the soothing balm on your balls and wait. When it dries, you'll be left with a powdery freshness that will keep away the funk and also prevent chafing.



G-VIBE

We've seen a lot of vibrators in our time, but the new G-Vibe is one of the most versatile we've encountered. This two-pronged toy is designed to give you the most vaginal pleasure you can possibly stand. The flexible silicone petals can be inserted simultaneously for optimal penetrative pleasure (and lots of G-spot stimulation), or you can leave one petal outside to tickle your clit. You can double-up on the clitoral playtime, rest the vibe's leaves on your labia, or run the buzzing toy along your lover's shaft. The possibilities are (nearly) endless.

These and other products are available online at
www.PenthouseStore.com or by calling 1-877-217-3436



GIRL IN A BAND

A Memoir

by Kim Gordon

You don't have to be a fan of Sonic Youth bass-strangler and Riot Grrrl godmother Kim Gordon to appreciate this book, although it certainly helps. She begins telling her story at "The End," an understandably bitter account of the fade-out of her 27-year marriage to bandmate Thurston Moore. From there the book follows Gordon through many, varied relationships: with Moore, with the city of New York that loves her so much, with the various art, media and fashion projects through which she has expressed herself for over three decades. Much of Gordon's music, both with Sonic Youth and solo efforts like Free Kitten and Body/Head, can be caustic and gratifying, but *Girl in a Band* is bittersweet and sad and touching at points, full of success and failure and love and pride at others, particularly when discussing children. By the end, Gordon shows that yeah, she's a girl in a band, but she's also much more. You don't have to be a fan of her music to appreciate that either, although it certainly helps.

HOT LINKS

Freeones.com

We've always enjoyed Freeones.com. As professional sex journalists, it's an invaluable reference tool in identifying the seemingly endless array of talent that comes in and out of the business. As carnal consumers in our own right, we love their Feature Dancing menu, which gives a good if incomplete listing of ladies coming to our town soon; their guide to official porn star sites offers literally thousands of links and even reviews so you know what you're in for. You can search galleries and videos and tons more, making this a good site for perverts and fanboys alike.

AVN.com

Adult Video News magazine has undergone far too many changes in its 30-plus years of publication to chronicle here, and their accompanying website has followed suit. Its current incarnation is a serviceable guide to the sometimes warm, sometimes cold heart of the adult industry, but you needn't be a player in the biz to make use of it. Product reviews, news and their infamous video reviews let you in on how to get the most banging for your buck, and you can even download the latest issue of the print mag digitally. Still a resource no fan should be without.



MY ASIAN HOTWIFE

(*New Sensations*)

Infidelity and cuckoldry of the Asian variety awaits in this multi-genre wonder. Covergirl Saya Song, with hubby's say-so, finds a willing plaything in Ramon Namor, who channels Rocco Siffredi and Manuel Ferrara to give her the rough fucking she craves. A healthy dose of mindfucking informs gorgeous Morgan Lee's scene with Karlo Kerrara, in which she takes his thick cock in her pussy and her wet panties in her mouth; there's plenty of strong oral on her part as well. Penthouse Pet Marica Hase flips the script on the submissive Asian character by taking her lover on her terms in a hot, hot scene with beautiful, extended doggie-style that closes out a hot, hot disk. Well played, this one is.



ANIKKA & CARTER

(*Digital Sin*)

Adult Video News Award winning starlets Anikka Albrite and Carter Cruise rip it up in the latest pairing of high-profile honeys from Adam & Eve. The adorable Carter does the dirty-girl thing with Mia Malkova, slavering over each other's tits before lavishing attention on more intimate areas (if this sounds a little polite for what goes on, well, it is). Anikka has A.J. Applegate in a shower scene with plenty of wetness, lapping A.J.'s cunt under a stream of water before she gets the same, steamy treatment in return. The titular fuckstresses double-team Kalina Ryu and Sasha Heart and, in the disk's high point, ball each other on, naturally, a couch on a lawn. A personality-driven all-sex disk you should definitely keep an eye out for.

MOTHER-DAUGHTER EXCHANGE CLUB PART 40

(Girlfriends Films)

Faux mother-daughter couples switch off with other faux mother-daughter couples in this interesting entry in the faux taboo genre. As usual, the seductive (or subversive) dramatic element leading up to the sexual action is paramount to telling the story, and as usual, Girlfriends Films handles it perfectly. Penthouse Pet Whitney Westgate gets it on with older, bolder Payton Leigh in a coupling that starts out sweet and tender and winds up sordid and torrid. Tanya Tate, she of the best accent in porn, plays the maternal seductress to the hilt with Alice March in a scene that defines the best of this admittedly nichey genre.



NATURALLY NASTY

(James Deen Productions)

No less an authority on what's naturally nasty than James Deen brings you this collection of bad girls being bad. Favored Penthouse Forum fucktoy Jessa Rhodes pulls off the best scene with the best opening line we've heard in years — "I'd let you come inside me for \$1,000!" — before throwing a stud a nice, albeit too brief throatjob and a shit-talkin', slap-happy hump you'll go back to more than once (and yes, she makes good on her offer). Another stand-out features Rilynn Rae taking on the man himself in a scene that involves, as many of Deen's do, pragmatic use of walls, stairs and one of the dumbest dramatic starting points we've seen in ages. Check it out.



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DIARY OF A PIMP

BY DENNIS HOF

America's most famous legal brothel owner opens up about his experiences in life, love, business and more. Have a question for Dennis? Email him at Pimp@ffn.com

THE LAYS OF THE LAND

I own several brothels, so of course if you ask me to name the best place in the world to hire a hooker, I'm going to say the Bunny Ranch. But the fact is America, and indeed the world, is full of places to go where you can pay to get laid, legally and illegally. Whorehouses, street corners, agencies, storefronts, clubs, internet sites, referral services and, in some cases, virtually entire cities offer pussy if you have the cash — and over the years, I've been to almost all of them.

Long before I owned my first brothel, I was an active customer of prostitutes worldwide, so if you want my personal advice on the best hooker



locales, and the worst, well, I think I can give you the real inside low-down, if I do say so myself.

First, a word of caution about "sex tourism," or traveling abroad to get laid, which many Americans do, mostly in countries like Thailand, Spain and The Netherlands. These destinations can be cesspools of disease, underage prostitution, sex trafficking and lots of dangerous activities. Keep in mind too that you may not only return with a nasty, perhaps fatal STD, but you can be arrested in the United States if you're found to be traveling abroad in order to fuck child prostitutes. Please remember, the safeguards built into the legal, highly regulated American brothel industry simply don't exist in most other parts of the world.

That said, let me tell you that my all-time favorite place to trade cash-for-gash is Cuba. The entire country is like one big brothel — and I mean that as a compliment! Ever since the Russians pulled their support back in the early '90s, the decline of the Cuban economy literally turned out their entire female population. The result is that ever since, any non-Cuban looking tourist walking down any street in practically any Cuban city is seen as fair game for local girls.

There are no brothels, there is no organized prostitution business, there aren't any streetwalkers, there are just regular, unemployed girls looking to make a few bucks — and have a little

fun — by coming on to you. And I do mean a few bucks . . . like \$20. It used to be a real hassle traveling to Cuba, but with the United States recently re-establishing diplomatic relations with Havana, it's now no problem at all. So if you like Latin girls and hot weather, this place rocks.

Aside from legal brothels of Nevada, the Red Light District in Amsterdam, Holland, is probably the most famous legal hooker destination in the west. Their prostitutes stand in red-lit storefront windows; you can walk up and down several streets and look at them and decide whom you'd like to have sex with. The good thing about the Red Light District is that it's super-regu-



lated and disease- and crime-free. On the other hand, I've been there several times and always found it to be impersonal, sterile and over-priced; it's much more of a tourist-trap than anything else. If you happen to be in the area you should check it out, but I wouldn't make a special trip there to get laid.

Everyone knows and loves Rio De Janeiro, Brazil. Between the beaches, the food and the weather, what's not to love? Rio used to have a great reputation for fantastic hookers and brothels, but a number of highly publicized government crackdowns has put a severe damper on the whole sex scene down there. Luckily there's one legendary ho-house that makes a trip to Rio worthwhile: the incredible Qu4tro Por Qu4tro (Four By Four) brothel in downtown Rio.

Known as a *terma* in local parlance, Qu4tro Por Qu4tro is a totally legal brothel that's packed with hundreds of Brazilian hookers during peak hours of operation. You just go in, change into a bathrobe, buy a drink and then consort with a flood of non-stop, mostly-naked prosties until you decide which hooker (or hookers) you want, for just about \$90 a shot. You'll find plenty of options for whorehouses in Rio de Janiero once you're there, but Qu4tro Por Qu4tro will spoil you rotten compared to any of the others.

For adventurous johns there's probably no better place to visit than Angeles City, Philippines. It used to be the site of the massive Clark U.S. Air Force Base that gave rise to a similarly massive prostitution scene nearby on a long street known as Fields Avenue. The base closed a long time ago, but the dozens of prostie-clubs on Fields, and on the many side-streets, contin-

ued to flourish. Now men from all over the world flock to Fields, lured by the pretty Filipinas and cheap prices.

Thousands of hot Asian girls dance in clubs around the clock and are yours for the choosing at rates of about \$25 per night. There's a certain amount of regulation, although it's not as stringent as that carried out in legal Nevada brothels. The adventure aspect of this particular whore-haunt has to do with local third-world politics and social norms. Is prostitution legal there? Sort of. You're not paying for sex, you're paying to release the girl early from her shift at the club. The result is that the local cops conduct raids and shake down the girls anytime they want, like when they don't get their bribes on time or there's a local politico in town.

That's just one risk. The other is that Angeles is a very poor town, rife with crime and scams and rip-offs. If the cops aren't ripping off the girls, then the girls are ripping off the customers; if the girls aren't ripping off the customers, then the locals are ripping off the customers. You get the idea. Of course, if you know what you're doing you can avoid all this. There's a lot of quality cooch to be had, but you have to be up to the task.

When it comes to pay-for-play south of the border, Tijuana, Mexico, is well-known (and well-derided) as a hooker heaven for horny gringos. For generations it was known to be filthy, dangerous town full of fat, ugly hookers you wouldn't want to fuck no matter how many cervezas you had in you . . . and rightfully so. But that's all changed in large part due to one establishment: the Hong Kong Gentlemen's Club, a spacious, multi-level dancer/hooker bar located in the heart of town



The Hong Kong Gentlemen's Club has turned Tijuana around, offering more than 200 hot Mexican hookers a night in a safe, comfortable and very affordable atmosphere. You can hang out, play with the girls, take one, go to their nice, on-premises hotel, do her, come back down and start all over again, for under \$75. The club is so gringo-friendly it offers free transportation from the U.S. border just 20 minutes away if you call ahead; they also have all kinds of free coupons on their English-language website. With the Hong Kong Gentleman's Club taking the lead, other sex establishments in Tijuana have had to clean up their acts, making the city well worth a few days of X-rated fun for you and your pussy-addicted buddies.

I almost wasn't going to tell you about this last place, because I wanted to keep it a secret for myself. What do you think of when someone mentions Medellin, Colombia? Drug cartels! But the place is also soaked with high-class poon and tons of sizzling, sexy hookers; the overall scene plays out in various clubs, bars, agencies and hotels all over the city. This is another place that requires a good amount of research and isn't for the faint of heart, but if you're willing to take a bit of a risk, your penis will be well-rewarded.

Dennis Hof is the owner of the Moonlite Bunny Ranch family of brothels located in Carson City, Nevada. He's also the author of The Art of the Pimp (Regan Arts).

GIRL TALK

BY MANDY STADTMILLER

Each month, sex journalist Mandy Stadtmiller offers her unique perspective on topics affecting men, women and couples of all orientations. If there's a topic you'd like to see her tackle, send her an email at GirlTalk@ffn.com

If it's possible for a sex act to be "on trend," then anal is it. In early 2015, even *Vogue* jumped on the "booty is the new black" bandwagon by running an article called "Is Anal Sex No Longer Taboo?" Apparently the answer is yes, and apparently medical studies, uh, back it up: Research in the *Journal of Sexual Medicine* shows that 36 percent of women between the ages of 15 and 44 have participated in heterosexual anal sex, and a whopping 13 percent reported having the pleasures of anal entry fairly recently.

So why is anal sex still considered such an easy-to-go-wrong sexual maneuver? For many, it's because the information is passed down via locker-



room wisdom rather than a more informed source. But that's easily fixed, as we've gathered actual female feedback on the best ways to engage in a successful rear entry loving.

Let her broach the topic of anal sex, because most likely, at some point she will. The thing about women is that we're always thinking 12 moves ahead, and that includes being conscious of our sluttier competition. If we aren't talking public sex and three-ways and buttfucking, guess what? We know some other chick will be. That isn't to say we'll do any of those things, but at the very least, discussion of forbidden fruit does need to come up at some point.

If you want to prompt your lady, try leaving a magazine opened to some classy article on the topic in the bathroom; you'll find there are many such articles around. Chances are, after seeing the mag, she'll bring it up. As a last resort, buy a sexy, beautifully illustrated book about pleasing her and leave it earmarked on the ass sex chapter. She'll *definitely* bring it up.

If your girl starts the conversation by saying she's not certain if she wants to take it in the butt, gladly say, "No problem." Yes, there's the obvious and glaring issue of consent, but there's also the trick of reverse psychology. If you aren't pressuring her, she'll no doubt start wondering, "Wait, why aren't you interested in this with me?"

She's not going to bring up something like this if she isn't at least open to the idea, so watch as your nonchalance makes her curious as to why you're so okay with not going there.

To get her in the mood for booty play, there's nothing more important than not appearing obsessed with the chocolate starfish. Meaning: Love her ass, caress it, worship it, cuddle it, spoon it, just don't just try to stick your dick in it. Romantic gestures about how her delicious, perfect butt drives you wild will lead to light, frisky ass-centered playfulness, which can lead to licking, fingering, rimming and then full-on penetration. Make sure she knows she's in control of what's happening along the way.



Let her call the shots and enjoy how erotic "long-form" sex can be when it's not just wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am. The thing about anal sex is that there will ever only be seriously speedy anal action in pornos. In the real world, slow and steady wins the race. Planning for anal can lead to a low-level heightening of sexual tension the likes of which you haven't felt since high school.

Once you've decided that anal is on the menu for the evening, tell her that regardless of any mishaps, it's all a fun adventure and you find her extremely hot no matter what — even when messes and accidents might occur. Because they do. But they needn't; enemas are your friend, as are deep-clean showers. And don't even start if she's not full-on horny and relaxed. A slight buzz works for some women; others report loving it on their period when their hormones are raging.

Don't be scared of a little, uh, "mud." As the saying goes, shit happens, which is why black condoms and baby wipes were invented. If you or she are neat freaks, maybe indulging yourselves in a little dirty talk about anal is the way to go. While pristine butt fucking does occur, anal sex, like a job interview, is better if you've over-prepared for it.

Butt plugs, dildos and other insertibles are your friend — or rather, your girl's asshole's friend. There's no other part of anal that helps the female get accustomed to full-on insertion as much as the help these can provide when sized and inserted correctly. How do you do that? Lubricate like your life (or your chick's asshole) depends on it.

There are so many lubricants to choose from, you'll want to get expert advice at the sex shop. Ask about using a thick lubricant. Water-based lubes are great, but for some people silicone-based can be a game changer, making the experience even more enjoyable. Crisco has been widely used in the gay community for years, but it will jeopardize the integrity of a condom. Just know this: Spit is not a lubricant. There's a huge difference between the pussy fuck hole and the ass fuck hole, and the difference is that the vagina is self-lubricating and therefore pretty much ready to go at any time. The anus needs liberal application to make the experience fun for all involved.

Don't come inside of her unless you're wearing a condom. Did you know that semen is a natural laxative? It's true, so unless you want an already intimate experience to get a whole lot more intimate, keep your ejaculate away from her asshole.

Contrary to popular belief, there actually shouldn't be any pain involved in anal sex, only discomfort. If there's pain, the act is not going down as it should be. There are multiple positions to try. Missionary, doggie-style and spooning can all help you find the right fit. Remember: It can be a multi-day process of getting someone used to having a dick in their butt. Try one finger, two fingers, or more diligent use of butt plugs to loosen up the area until you and she are comfortable enough to give it a whirl. Keep in mind that the head is the widest part of most dicks as you get ready to go (let's just pretend here, shall we?) where no man has ever gone before.



An anal orgasm is absolutely possible for a woman, so encourage her to play with herself while you're inside her. Many women report that an anal-sex-induced orgasm is much stronger than vaginal or clitoral orgasms because there's so much stimulation happening. Consider: The clitoris runs underneath the labia, so when you're exciting the urethra, vagina or the anus, you're also exciting the clitoris. Many people don't realize that the only function of the clitoris is to stimulate sexual sensation. Made for pleasure, the clit deserves tons of it, so encourage her to touch herself once you find your anal rhythm.

Why not impress her with your sexy scientific knowledge? You can tell her that the anus is made of two different muscles that are about a quarter inch apart, with the external one controllable easily, and the internal one controllable using the same finicky nervous system that also controls your breathing and heart rate. This means that when she gets really turned on, the butt will relax and be in prime receiving position for your penis.

Remember: Avoid disaster at all costs. Clean your dick after pulling out of her butt and before putting it in her vagina so you don't give her a wicked infection. Use the right amount and type of lube so you don't cause an anal fissure that will force her to sit on an inflatable donut for a week. And you know those old wive's tales about crazy things that get stuck up someone's butt? Guess what? Some of them are true. That's why you need to play it safe and use toys that are built specifically for ass play and can't get stuck up there. Because if you fuck it up, you're virtually guaranteeing you're never getting in there again. Treat the booty with the same delicacy and respect you treated her with the first time you asked her out on a date. Because when it comes to assholes, there's no such thing as a "do-over."

Mandy Stadtmiller is the host of "News Whore," a weekly podcast about culture, comedy and sex featuring new and provocative figures in the world of pop culture. Episodes are available free at riotcast.com/newswhore.



LOVE IS STRANGE

by Eric Danville

These unusual, bizarre and challenging love stories should prove that if love, as the song says, is a many splendored thing, then one of those things, as another song says, is strange.

Carnal Knowledge

Sandy (Art Garfunkle) and Jonathan (Jack Nicholson) look for love and the perfect relationship from college to middle age. The only obstacle is their attitudes towards women: idealistic Sandy worships the ground they walk on, while the more hedonistic Jonathan would rather just take them to bed. Candice Bergen becomes involved with both men at once, seeking mental satisfaction with Sandy and physical satisfaction with Jonathan. After Sandy and Susan marry, Jonathan dates Bobbie (Ann-Margret), only to have their relationship mimic his previous one with Susan. Attempts at swinging and dalliances with hookers are just a few of the pitfalls following the two on their ultimately doomed journeys to happiness.



Romance With a Double Bass

Monty Python co-founder John Cleese and then-wife Connie Booth, his co-star/co-writer on the classic Britcom *Fawlty Towers*, adapted Anton Chekhov's short story about a musician who falls in love with a princess for this 1974 short film. Smychkov (Cleese), the bassist in the band hired to play at Princess Costanza's (Booth) wedding, arrives early for the ceremony and decides to go skinny-dipping in a nearby lake. As luck would have it, Princess Costanza has had the same idea. The pair meet when, while both swimming in different parts of the lake, a thief steals all their clothing, meaning they both have to make their way back to Costanza's wedding . . . naked. Smychkov offers to get Costanza to the church on time and in the most discreet way possible: on his back, stuffed inside his

inside his double bass case. On the long, obstacle-ridden journey to Costanza's estate, the pair begin talking and fall in love. A nice departure for the man who brought you *The Ministry of Silly Walks*.

David and Lisa

Based on a story by psychiatrist Theodore Isaac Rubin, this film follows the relationship of two troubled youths who meet in a mental-health treatment center. Keir Dullea plays David, a young man who doesn't like to be touched, who befriends Lisa (Janet



Margolin) a young woman with two personalities: one who can only communicate by speaking in rhyme and another who doesn't speak at all and can only write things down. The pair begin a difficult friendship; when therapy leads to Lisa's breakthrough, a fight between the pair leads her to run away. David and Lisa overcome the inner conflicts shutting them off from the world — and each other — and allow their relationship to grow as it should. *David and Lisa* was remade into a TV movie produced by Oprah Winfrey in 1998.

Sweet Hostage

Escaped mental patient Leonard Hatch (Martin Sheen), who thinks he's Kublai Khan, finds young, disaffected farm

girl Doris Mae (Linda Blair) and her broken-down pickup and offers her a way out of her back-water town to his own private Xanadu — by kidnapping her and holding her captive in a mountain cabin. Hatch skitters between gallant, poetry-spouting Christ-figure and manic tormentor as he turns various flights of fancy into an oddly paternal mentorship, teaching her about grammar, psychology, art and self-determination. Given the choice between staying in her fantastical surroundings and returning to the domestic turmoil at home, Doris Mae decides to remain with Hatch. She unwittingly reveals her situation to local police, their cabin is discovered and the doomed couple are finally, fatally separated.

The Boy in the Plastic Bubble

This "based on a true story" 1976 ABC Movie of the Week was most peoples' exposure, so to speak, to the idea of autoimmune-related illness. John Travolta stars as teenage Tod Lubitch, whose body can't fight infection and who must spend his life in a completely sterile, sealed environment, unable to go outside or touch other people. As Tod grows into young adulthood — and is able to leave his bubble by wearing something resembling a modified hazmat suit — he falls in love with the girl next door (Glynis O'Connor). Actress Diana Hyland played Travolta's mother in the film; their experience working together led to their own real-life romance, which was cut short in 1977 when Hyland died, of breast cancer, in Travolta's arms.

Bubble Boy

This spiritual sequel to *The Boy in the Plastic Bubble* asks the question: What is Jimmy (Jake Gyllenhaal), a young man whose autoimmune disease has cut him off from the world physically

and spiritually, to do when the girl of his dreams (Marley Shelton), is about to marry someone else? Create a human hamster ball and stop the wedding. On his journey, Jimmy has run-ins with bikers, weird cultists and assorted crazies as he makes his way to Niagara Falls. Like the similarly themed *Shallow Hal*, *Bubble Boy* transcends its potentially cringe-inducing dramatic device — the film was panned by some critics during its original 2001 release, partially for the offensive nature of its jokes — to reveal a sweet tale in which love, as always, conquers all.

Harold and Maude

Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort were both nominated for Golden Globes for their performances in this oddball cult film that set the bar for May-December romance films — and sets the bar high. Hearse-driving, suicide-faking young Harold (Cort) learns the meaning of life in his friendship with the



Paramount Pictures
sassy and exuberant Maude (Gordon), a 79-year-old woman he meets while both indulging in their favorite pastime: attending the funerals of people they don't know. Harold's socialite mother fails miserably at her attempts

to find Harold a wife and is less than pleased when Harold announces that he's found her himself, and her name is Maude. Several twists and turns make this dark comedy life-affirming beyond the viewer's expectations.

Griffin and Phoenix: A Love Story

Love and death share center stage in this disturbing yet touching movie. Soon-to-be-divorced Geoffrey Griffin (Peter Falk) meets Sarah Phoenix (Jill Clayburgh) at a college lecture about learning to cope with death. Griffin is dying of terminal cancer and Phoenix has leukemia, but neither one knows about the other's illness. Slow to start, their attraction ultimately leads to an on-again, off-again affair that finds them recapturing the thrill of youth and coping with their inevitable parting. Although originally made for and premiered on American television, Griffin and Phoenix so resonated with audiences that it later did a three-year theatrical run in European cinemas billed as *Today Is Forever*.

Kissed

This 1996 Canadian drama is one of the most controversial, offbeat love stories you're likely to see (or avoid). Sandra is a young biology student whose life-long fascination with death has led her to a job at a mortuary and the belief that even dead bodies contain souls, which leads to her indulge in necrophilia. At college she meets a fellow student named Matt, who falls in love with her — and with her unusual sexual obsession. When he tries to get Sandra to open up about the nature of her love of death, she refuses, so he takes extreme measures to work his way into her heart. This film skillfully blends Sandra's morbid fascination with death with an existential treatment of the essence of mortality, and handles Sandra's love scenes with beauty, style and finesse.



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The sweet science

By Sarah Deming

This ain't foxy boxing, and these women ain't babies. *Penthouse Forum* gets in the ring with some of the toughest female athletes you're likely to see.



In its bare-knuckle days, boxing was called "the manly art of self defense." It was the last sport in the Summer Olympic Games to open its ranks to women. Joyce Carol Oates once wrote that "Boxing is for men, and about men, and is men." So what kind of woman wants to storm this masculine stronghold?

When I took up the sport, I was 22 years old, small and soft, and had just graduated from Brown University with a degree in French literature. The women I fought ran the gamut from teenagers to mothers of grown children; waitresses to a professional stuntwoman; a butch lesbian whom I tried to eject from the women's locker room to a strawberry blonde who had posed for *Italian Vogue*.

My friend Stella was the strawberry blonde. She had won four national championships and beat the shit out of me on a regular basis. Over margaritas one night, Stella told me, "The one thing all women boxers have in common is that we're crazy."

That was in the late '90s, when women's boxing was enjoying a brief televised heyday. Christy "The Coal Miner's Daughter" Martin was the first marquee name, brawling on Mike Tyson undercards in blood-spattered pink trunks. Trainers were eager to make the next star, but Laila Ali and Mia St. John had ridden a wave of popularity that was already dying.

Boxing insiders dismissed the sport as a flash in the pan and it disappeared from television. It was almost impossible for a female professional boxer to make a living wage in the United States. Stella retired at 1-1-1 for want of opponents.

Promoter Bob Arum once told *The New York Times* that he thought women's boxing "doesn't have any legs at all as a major show. Women are generally repelled by it, as they

are with most boxing. Men will take it as a novelty act in a larger men's show. It will always have a very limited audience."

The late boxing historian Bert Sugar, he of the omnipresent fedora and cigar, agreed. "I would rather poke my eye out with a sharp stick than watch women's boxing! Oh sure, women have the right to fight, just as men have the right to do 'The Full Monty.' But I also retain some rights, such as the right not to watch."

Some of Arum's bile may have been player hating; Christy Martin, the



Photograph by Sue Jaye Johnson

sport's biggest draw at that time, was signed to Arum's arch-rival Don King. Some was plain old sexism. But some of the backlash came from the legitimate impatience of connoisseurs presented with weak product. Women's boxing was still growing up.

Claressa Shields was the first woman I ever saw who boxed like a man. When the sport was finally added to the 2012 London Olympics, Claressa was a 17-year-old high school senior from Flint, Michigan. She'd started training after being inspired by Laila Ali, and she was 19-0 when I first got a look at her.

Claressa threw blistering combinations that simply overwhelmed her opposition. She had superb balance, handspeed, and heart. Although she preferred to brawl, she could lie against the ropes when she wanted, slipping punches like Ali. It was pure entertainment. Claressa was just a kid and she destroyed women twice her age, taking Floyd Patterson's place as the second-youngest Olympic boxing gold medallist in U.S. history.

I caught up with Claressa last October at the U.S. Olympic Trials in Memphis, where she dominated the competition. At 20, she's now fully grown into her 165-pound weight class. (There are only three women's weight classes contested in the Olympics – flyweight [112 pounds], lightweight [132 pounds] and middleweight [165 pounds] – as opposed to 10 weight classes for men.) She has a record of 66-1, a gold medal at the 2014 AIBA Women's World Boxing Championships, and a four-year winning streak.

"The fight is the most stress-free time of my life," she said. "To travel with the team, to be around other boxers who believe in me. For one week, the only thing that matters in your life is boxing. For one week, I feel like my life is in perfect order."

There's a scene in *T-Rex*, a documentary about her life, where the talking heads at USA Boxing, the Olympic national governing body of boxing in the United States, tell her, "You need to stop saying you like beating up girls and making them cry."

Awful advice. It's impossible to imagine anything more charming than Claressa's 2012 appearance on *The Colbert Report*, wearing blue jeans and a gold medal and giggling as she tells Steven Colbert about making the Russian champ cry.

I asked if she was disappointed in the lack of big-name endorsements, and if she thought her outspokenness was possibly to blame. She shrugged. "For the first two years, I tried to change the way I spoke, but after I won the Worlds I said, 'The media doesn't make or break me. I'm not perfect and I'm gonna live the way I want to live. If they think I fit the criteria to endorse their products, that's cool. If they don't, that's cool, too.'

"People love who I am," she adds, "and they love the way I box. But I think they love who I am even more than they love the way I box."

The other two champions in Memphis were flyweight Ginny Fuchs of Texas and lightweight Mikaela Mayer of California. Fuchs was the upset of the tournament. She snatched the flyweight berth from reigning world champion Marlen Esparza, a pretty Texican boxer-puncher with a chip on her shoulder and a gift for PR (she's posed in an evening gown for *Vogue* and naked for ESPN and counts Nike, Coca-Cola, McDonald's, CoverGirl and Deloitte as sponsors).

Marlen wasn't a natural flyweight but had bulked up from 106 pounds. She once told *The Atlantic* she tried to avoid getting "a boxer's body" and complained about the muscly way her back looked at 112 pounds.

Ginny was naturally bigger and sweat down to the weight like a man. She told me, "I've had many women say, 'I love your back. I love your arms. I want to look like that!' Strong is the new beautiful. It's showing how beautiful the human body is."

When Ginny boxed circles around Marlen, it felt like a moral victory. "I've been an athlete since I can remember," Ginny said. She had



Claressa Shields

struggled with Obsessive Compulsive Disorder all her life, but boxing helped make it better. "At college I stopped taking meds. I felt I didn't need them. What I needed was to find what I wanted to do with my life, and [hopefully] that would make all the repetitive thoughts go away."

The most competitive division for women amateurs, absorbing fighters from above and below, is lightweight. Mikaela Mayer battled her way through a tough field in Memphis. She's a technician, schooled in the old wisdom of one of the amateur game's best coaches, Al Mitchell. "People still underestimate her," Al said. "I think it's because she's a good looking girl and she's a white girl."

Al likes to tell the story of how he turned away Mikaela the first few times because he didn't like the idea of training women. "Women boxers used to suck. Now some of these girls are better than the men. They're coachable. They listen better."

Mikaela listened in Memphis, staying on her jab and straight right hand to fend off the non-stop aggression of rising 2015 AIBA Women's Youth World Boxing Champion Jajaira Gonzalez. It was a classic match of boxer versus puncher.

"I was trying to stand toe-to-toe with her," Mikaela said. "Then in the third round something came over me and I said, 'I'm gonna make her miss. I'm gonna roll her punches and then come back.' It was a beautiful strategy, and it worked."

Mikaela stands to face reigning Olympic champion Katie Taylor in the 2016 Olympic Games in Rio. The great Irish lightweight and soccer star bore her country's flag in the London Games; Taylor is the marquee act in women's amateur boxing. These amateurs are probably the greatest women boxers in the world right now, but there isn't enough financial incentive for women like Claressa Shields and Katie Taylor to go pro.

The situation is different in mixed martial arts (MMA), thanks in great part to the star power of Ronda Rousey. The Olympic medallist in judo smashed through the UFC's glass ceil-

ing, single-handedly convincing an entire industry about the marketability of female fighting. Ronda spoke her mind to the press about everything from the wage gap in combat sports to her love of *Pokémon*. No less a sports icon than LeBron James once Tweeted, "I wanted to introduce myself to her at the ESPYs but didn't want her to kick my butt."

Other female fighters generally lasted about 30 seconds before getting tossed to the ground, roughed up and trapped in her signature arm bar. Her boxing trainer claimed that her striking skills were just as good, and Ronda even bragged that she could beat boxing's pound-for-pound king, Floyd Mayweather, Jr.

"How can she call out female boxers?" Claressa complained. "I don't like her calling out Floyd. She's not a boxer. I think she's tough, but let her get in the ring with someone like Katie Taylor or me, and she wouldn't last."

The more Rousey's fame grew, the more she drifted into the persona of the "heel," an old role played by professional wrestlers from Gorgeous George to Ronda's namesake, Rowdy Roddy Piper. It was hard to tell how much of this was her real personality and how much was clickbait.

Pundits debated whether Ronda was a feminist. Would a feminist call other women "Do Nothing Bitches"? Pose naked for *ESPN* magazine? Date a man accused of beating his ex-wife (fellow fighter Travis Browne)? Would a feminist show the kind of disrespect to another woman that Rousey showed Holly Holm, refusing to touch gloves in the center of the octagon in the traditional fighter's salute at last year's notorious championship bout in Melbourne, Australia?

Ronda's thirteenth opponent, Holly Holm was a willowy blonde who fought under the ring name "The



Joe Faraoni/ESPN Images

Preacher's Daughter." She had held multiple world title belts in boxing before retiring with a record of 33-2-3. At 36, she was in her late prime.

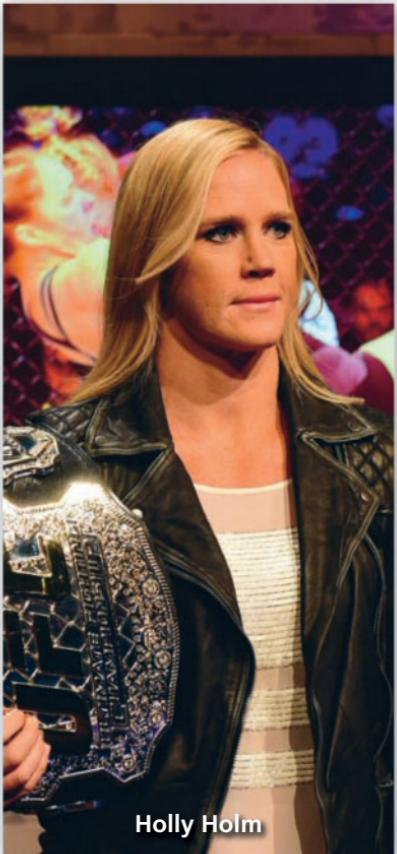
Conditions were ripe for a classic showdown: grappler versus striker, youth versus experience, heel versus babyface. I think even Bert Sugar would have dug it. Women's fighting was growing up.

As for Holly, she was the product of a local market in Albuquerque, New Mexico, that gave her the chance to box frequently, as happens in pockets of Mexico, Germany, Argentina and Japan. She also benefited from a bulldog manager, Lenny Fresquez. During initial negotiations with the UFC, CEO

Dana White called Fresquez "a lunatic" whose monetary demands on Holly's behalf were unreasonable.

I met Holly once at the Five Star Banquet Hall in Queens. Her arm was in a cast from the broken ulna she had suffered winning her last MMA bout. She was coaching Nohimme Dennison, who got stopped in six by Brooklyn's Alicia Ashley.

Afterwards, I watched Holly bend over Dennison's hands, talking in soothing tones as she cut off the gauze. It was Dennison's first knock-out loss; if they had been men, the referee would probably have let it go the distance.



"Worst stoppage I've ever seen in my whole life," Holly said.

It would be hard to imagine Ronda Rousey flying out to a two-bit club show in Queens to corner for a friend, but Holly had put in her time in the trenches. When she faced off against Ronda in the Melbourne octagon, her eyes held the calm poise of a veteran.

Ronda didn't take her seriously. Nobody did, except Holly's team, who pooled their money and won six figures betting on their 11:1 underdog.

Ronda ran into Holly's fist 30 seconds into their meeting and was out on her feet the rest of the fight. After Holm TKO'd Rousey with a vicious kick to the head, my Facebook feed exploded with joy.

"Holm showed everyone that more than one girl can fight at a time," said Heather Hardy, one of the hardest working women I've ever met. We were having coffee the afternoon after her fifteenth pro victory. She was undefeated and still improving. "It's like sports only has room for one female star at a time," she said. "It's a big misconception that women's boxing doesn't take off because there's no competition. There are so many of us with so many different styles!"

"Every single penny of my existence goes to this rent," she said, gesturing to the sunny one-bedroom she shared with her 11-year-old daughter Annie. It's walking distance from Gleason's Gym, where Heather trained clients in between her own workouts, press appearances, charity fundraisers and ticket-selling expeditions, pounding the pavement between Irish pubs.

Top male prospects are not required to sell tickets. Heather had sold \$30,000 worth for her fight the night before at the Barclays Center. She got a commission, which was a good thing because she was forced to surrender her whole \$5,000 purse for



Nydia Feliciano (left) and Heather Hardy (right)

Photograph by Sue Jaye Johnson

coming in four pounds heavy. Heather never comes in overweight. When I asked her if she was outgrowing super bantam, she shook her head and said it was just her period.

Her hands were still bruised from wearing the gauze for so long the night before. She had been a swing bout, which means waiting around all night hoping to get on television. They ended up putting on a men's bout instead of hers.

"It's business," she said. "Everybody in business tries to screw you. Women get it more, but guys get it, too. I just keep my eyes on the prize. I just try to keep moving forward."

She looked beautiful standing there in her kitchen in white leggings, wisps

of blonde hair escaping from her cornrows. She had gotten three stitches after the fight. That brought her career stitch count to 20.

"I don't even look at my face anymore," she said.

I love to look at Heather's face. Her skin was glowing. Her eyebrows were thin and sculpted. A pink-brown bruise touched her cheekbone like a lipstick kiss. She looked like a fighter.

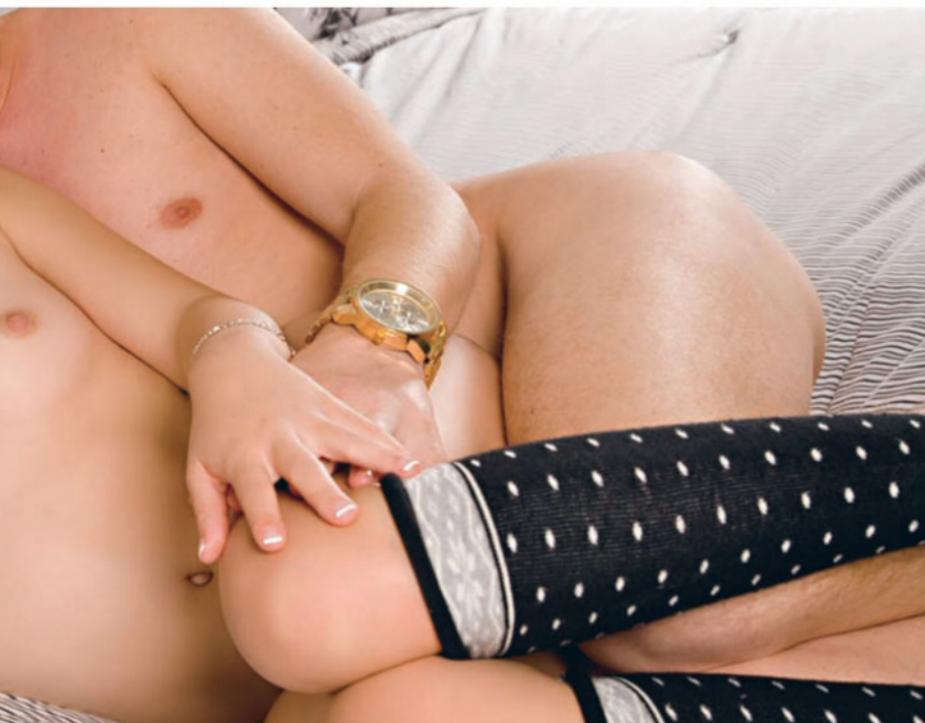
Sarah Deming has covered boxing for The Washington Post, The Guardian, CNBC, WNYC and StiffJab.com. She was a 2001 NYC Golden Gloves Champion and now coaches youth boxers at Atlas Cops and Kids, a free community gym in Brooklyn.



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A photograph of a woman in a white dress and a man in a white shirt and tie. The woman is in the foreground, looking down with her hands on her hips. The man is in the background, looking up at her. The image is framed by a white border.

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DIRTY OLD CLEANING LADY

As a way to help make ends meet, I took a part-time job in a nursing home doing housecleaning. I met a great bunch of girls there and we used to have such a good time knowing that the older men there were checking us out. They were harmless, really, and it was kind of adorable to us.

One man in particular, named Paul, was always present when we cleaned his room, and he really seemed to have fun checking us out. One day when I went in to clean he was sitting on his bed, reading a magazine. As I got closer I saw that it was a porno magazine. I made some comment about how I hoped he was enjoying it, but instead of responding he set the magazine down beside him, and I nearly fell over. His hard cock was exposed, which was shocking enough, but in addition to that, it was huge. Maybe seven inches long, and thick for a man his age.

Paul apologized as he tried to shove his package back into his shorts, but there was a gleam in his eyes as he said that he hadn't expected me and hadn't had time to put it away. Awkwardly I told him not to worry about it and went back to cleaning his room.

But that night I could scarcely think of anything else, and my husband finally asked me if I was okay. I said yes, but still kept thinking about Paul's tool.

The next day I wore sexy black lace panties and white thigh-high stockings under my cleaning uniform, and on the way to work I stopped and bought some condoms. I knew I shouldn't be thinking what I was, but I still wanted to have them, just in case.

After the residents had eaten breakfast I went to Paul's room. That was generally a slow time for us in house-keeping, so I knew I wouldn't be missed. Paul was sitting on his bed

wearing a satin robe. He smiled when he saw me enter and asked why I was so early. I told him I'd gotten him a present, and I reached into my pocket and pulled out a condom.

Paul laughed and said he didn't need those things anymore, but I told him he was wrong. He looked at me with a puzzled expression, and I turned and locked his door. His eyes got huge as I turned back and started to unbutton my blouse. I saw that he was breathing faster as I continued to undress and when he saw my white stockings I thought he'd have a heart attack!

As he sat there in shock I walked over and reached inside his robe to pull out his prick. I felt it swell in my hand as I stroked it. Paul, for his part, already had my 36Cs out of my bra and was playing with my nipples. My husband and I hadn't had sex in weeks, so I was very horny. I got his robe off before I sank to my knees and took his tool into my warm mouth. He was fully hard and I had to relax my jaw to get take him in all the way. I fondled his balls, making him moan, and bobbed my head along his shaft for a while. I didn't want him to come in my mouth, so I pulled off before he could.

I then took out the condom I'd given him, opened it up and used my lips to ease it onto his shaft. When it was fully on I got back on his bed and spread my legs before inviting him to fuck me. He climbed on top of me, and I felt the big tip of his prick gently nudge my lips apart as he began to penetrate me. It took several tries before he finally slid home, and when he did I had to bite my hand to keep from screaming the walls down. I felt so full with him inside me. He held still for a while to let me adjust to his size; then he began pumping, slowly at first but gradually increasing his pace. I felt my climax building





quickly. I didn't think he would last long either, but he did last long enough to give me a small orgasm. I looked down to watch him sliding in and out. Soon his thrusts got more urgent, and he groaned, jerked and came. I came with him, again. It was incredible. I felt like a total slut, but I was glad I had taken precautions with the condom.

Soon after I had to stop working. I still went to see Paul and we had some awesome sex. Many times I decided to screw him without a condom. What could happen, right? Well, I'm pregnant and I honestly don't know who the father is. Paul doesn't seem to think he could be because of his age, but I'm not so sure.

S.L.
Lansing, Michigan

BAREBACK BLACK

My wife Jasmine and I are both 33. We love each other very much, but as sometimes happens in marriages, our sex life started to get stale. We talked many times about how we could spice things up. Our first attempt would be for her to hook up with a guy while I secretly watched. We chose a Friday night and a nightclub on the other side of town. Jasmine wore a tight black skirt, together with some sexy black stockings and garter belt.

Inside the club we separated, and I watched as a number of guys bombarded her with attention. When she finally chose, I was surprised to see that the guy she had decided on was a black man. That possibility had never entered my mind, but it was kind of an extra thrill just the same.

When I saw that they were getting ready to go I left before they did, and drove quickly to the site Jasmine and I had agreed on, a secluded kind of lovers' lane just outside of town. I parked

in an inconspicuous spot and waited. They showed up and parked about 10 feet from where I was hidden.

I saw them kissing for a while before the guy got out of the car and then helped her out. He laid her on the hood and pushed her short skirt up. He seemed totally in charge as he ripped her panties off and then began to lick her creamy thighs and her pussy till she came with a loud yell.

As she lay there panting he dropped his pants, pulling out his very large cock. Jasmine told him he'd need a condom, since she didn't want to take a chance on getting pregnant.

The guy bitched about it a little as she reached into the car to get one from her purse. Jasmine got the rubber and opened it up, but as she attempted to put it on him his cock went soft.

She took it off him and sucked him hard, then tried again. But the result was the same. Each time she tried putting the condom on him he went soft, but when she took it away his dick quickly got hard again.

Jasmine was sitting on the car hood again as the guy said that obviously it wasn't going to work; he couldn't perform unless he could fuck her bareback. Jasmine again said she didn't want to get pregnant, but she didn't protest as the guy started rubbing his cockhead on her thighs and then over her pussy lips. By then she was so horny she was getting desperate. The guy saw the opportunity and seized it. She didn't try to stop him as he moved between her legs, and then with a single thrust he was inside her. My wife's moans and groans showed just how intensely she was enjoying it.

I came in my pants at the sight of his big, bare black cock inside her. The guy pumped away at her steadily, taking her breath away. It was obvious that

she was beyond worrying anymore as she came and came. Then, with a final lunge, the stranger shot his seed deep into her unprotected womb.

After a minute he got off her and she lay gasping, his come dripping out of her and onto the hood of the car.

Once they had regained their composure they got back in the car. They sat and talked a while, then exchanged a quick kiss. They kissed again, less quickly, and then again as his hands disappeared from view. Finally he lowered the seat back and climbed on top of Jasmine, obviously to fuck her again. I watched as the car rocked for a long time, while all I could see was the guy's back and Jasmine's nylon-clad legs up in the air as he humped away at her. When the car stopped rocking, he climbed back off her and then a few minutes later they left.

I left for home soon after, but to my surprise Jasmine didn't get back home until sunrise the next day, looking a mess and totally exhausted. She had lost not only her panties, but her bra and stockings too. She had several hickeys on her neck and on the insides of her thighs, and her pussy was red, swollen and full of come. Dried come matted her pubic hair as well. She begged me not to be mad with her, and I told her I wasn't; I had just been worried, was all. I asked her if she had enjoyed herself, and she said it had been great. But she swore that she would never again allow herself to be fucked without a condom.

Her period came just as it should a week later and she was relieved. We're definitely going to do it again, but first she said she wants to try a threesome with me watching from our closet. I can hardly wait!

D.B.
Seattle, Washington

NIKKI THE SLUT

My wife Nikki gets an total rush from dressing provocatively. She loves showing off her assets and goes crazy when guys show their enthusiasm.

One night she confessed to me that she fantasized about having a threesome with two other guys. I'd had basically the same fantasy, but I wondered if I could handle the reality of sharing her with someone else.

We talked it over a lot, and I finally decided it would be best to let her go get it out of her system. We agreed that we would offer this golden opportunity to two good friends of mine from work named Ronald and Hank. Ronald is outgoing, and although he was engaged, I knew he'd love to have a crack at Nikki. Hank's shy, and a little heavy (although not really fat) and kind of inexperienced with girls. I figured that if this was going to happen, at least it was with friends.

We all went out drinking one night and then returned to our place. Nikki put on some music while Ronald and I got some drinks in the kitchen. We sat around in the living room, drinking. Nikki was sitting on the couch with her legs slightly apart, showing the dark bands at the tops of her stockings.

After a while I asked Nikki to dance. As we danced I rubbed her ass, dragging her skirt up to show our audience her stocking tops and the lower part of her panty-covered ass. Hank looked a little embarrassed, but Ronald couldn't take his eyes off her ass.

Ronald then asked Nikki to dance, and I went to get more drinks. When I returned, they were dancing slowly, and Ronald's hand was under her skirt. He stopped when he saw me. "Listen," I said. "If Nikki's okay with it, just have fun." I sat down on the couch next to Hank, who was still looking uneasy.





Ronald then eased Nikki to the floor, pushed her skirt to her waist and removed her panties. She spread her legs wide and went down on her. It wasn't long before she came with a series of soft, sexy moans.

Nikki then got up and went over to Hank. He looked like he was going to faint when she unzipped his pants. She told him to relax and got on her knees so she could suck his cock. Ronald got behind her, lifted her skirt and entered her from the rear.

This was Nikki's dream come true, and I watched it all. Hank came in about a minute, and two minutes after that Ronald yelled and came inside her. He then got dressed to leave, saying he had to get home before his fiancée got pissed about his absence. Hank started to get dressed too, but Nikki had other ideas. She asked me if it was okay for Hank to spend the night with us, and I reluctantly consented.

Nikki took Hank by the hand and led him upstairs to our bedroom. There she pulled him down beside her on the bed and kissed him passionately. She then pulled him on top of her and spread her legs wide. Hank had some trouble finding her entrance, but he soon got inside her. He didn't last long though, and as soon as he rolled away, I mounted her. I was very turned on and came quickly, too.

We all fell asleep in our marital bed with Nikki in the middle. During the night I felt the bed move and when I turned over there was Hank with his head between Nikki's legs going to town on her pussy. He was also fingering her as he munched on her mound. Nikki was going crazy. I propped up my pillow and watched the show. God, she's gorgeous when she's horny!

L.W.

Oakland, California

PLAYING THE FIELD

Tilly and I have been happily married for almost 27 years. We still have a great sex life, and up to now neither of us have ever strayed. Occasionally we fantasize together about other people, but not often. My Tilly is still the one lady in the entire world I'd most like to fuck. My guess is that probably 99 percent of the men who lay eyes on her fantasize about having her, too. She's that kind of woman.

It was during our 25th anniversary vacation that we first seriously discussed the prospect of her stepping out and trying something strange. It wasn't unhappiness with our sex life at all. It was a response to our thoughts regarding sex. We asked ourselves, were we missing out on something by remaining monogamous? Shouldn't we maybe experiment a little bit and see where it takes us?

You can already figure out what we concluded. Actually, I was the one who pushed for Tilly to try a few other men. I love her so much that I didn't want to deny her any possible physical pleasures before it was too late. She said no at first, but soon saw the reasonableness of my position. She quickly insisted that it should work both ways, and I agreed in theory, but told her I thought we should concentrate on her pleasures first.

So that's where we are now. Tilly has agreed to start by sampling three age groups; twenties, forties and sixties, to see what kind of man she is most comfortable with. It may be that, as a mature lady, she'll respond to the eagerness and energy of a 20-year-old. Maybe she'll find him too active or casual or something and prefer the mellowness of a 60-year-old. Perhaps the 40-year-old would make for an ideal blend of these qualities.

We also considered sampling different races. We haven't decided quite how to do it, but we're thinking of white, black, Asian and Latino. Does that mean Tilly will fuck 12 men? Well, we can address that later, after she gets a few men under her belt — or, I should say, under her dress.

There's a reason why we haven't put this plan into action yet. It's not lack of opportunity; Tilly could walk out of the house right now and pick up the first man she meets, or the first 12 men. What's delaying things is the need to find the right location.

We quickly decided that Tilly can't fuck anyone we know, or even anyone from around here, because I'm sure that any local guy who fucks my wife wouldn't be able to keep it to himself, since bragging about it would greatly raise his stature among all the local guys who are so hot for her. This would not only ruin her reputation, it would also produce a sudden increase in the incidence of local men hitting on her with the hope of getting lucky themselves. And that's not something we're interested in, at all.

We considered all the options and concluded that the answer was an island vacation like the one we took on our anniversary. Over those 10 days Tilly had to turn down a succession of guys, of all ages and races. This would be good for our plan not only because it would be so far from home, but an island resort offers ideal settings — the beach, bar stools, dance floors and so on — for her to show off her goods.

We've already booked a trip, which is hardly two months away. Meanwhile I've been watching Tilly for signs of any second thoughts, but actually so far she seems to be getting more into it. We're fucking even more than usual these days, and even better, too.

Tilly has even practiced picking up men in hotel lobbies and bars while we were traveling on business. She would come on to a stranger until she was sure she had him hooked, then wiggle out of it by pretending to spy me suddenly across the room, saying, "Oh my god, here comes my husband! Sorry."

That was how she honed her come-on approach, and she enjoyed it so much that she started going a little further each time. After a while she started going without panties on these little practice runs. The last two times she felt the guy's dick through his trousers, and the last time she let him finger-fuck her for a few minutes as she sat on a bar stool. After that she told me teasingly that next time she'd wait till she comes before blowing the guy off.

My wife is discovering what I've told her for years — that she can get any man she wants. Now she's gotten to the point of telling me that I might be right about her not missing out on anything, and she's now determined to go forward with our project when we go on our trip. So if you think you might be one of the guys suitable for fucking my wife, all you have to do is be in the right place at the right time!

How will you recognize Tilly? Well, for starters, close your eyes and imagine your ideal mature lady, the woman whom you'd most like to fuck. That's her. She's five foot six with blonde hair; bouncy tits; a perfect ass; and luscious legs. In addition to that, she's the most beautiful lady you can imagine. As sensual as her body is, you'll immediately focus on her face — in particular, her eyes. They will hold your gaze, and her beautiful smile will do you in. Those expressive eyes, by the way, are what you'll be gazing into while she lies on her back, legs spread, and you fuck the hottest pussy you'll ever know.



Of course, Tilly has established some criteria you must meet. She likes men who are taller than she is, attractive and in good shape. Don't be surprised if she checks out your prick — she's set a minimum of six inches, and the thicker the better. But a big prick isn't the whole story. She also wants interesting men who she can relate to.

I know this might disappoint some of you guys who might not meet Tilly's standards or who can't get away to the islands this summer. But don't be too discouraged. I'm sure there are other husbands out there seeking volunteers to fuck their wives. Just keep looking. Good luck to you!

G.O.
Topeka, Kansas

IN THE WOODS

Matt and I recently got together. He's handsome, sweet, funny and a great lover. My pussy goes crazy whenever I'm close by him. He always looks put together and confident.

The other night we had an encounter I want to tell you about — our first after he'd been out of town visiting his mom for two weeks. The whole time that he was away, all I could think of was feeling his beautiful cock inside me. So when he called to say he was back, even though I do love him, there was only so much small talk I could handle. All I cared about was how my body ached for his. When he told me that he wanted to meet up, I said I knew the perfect spot: a park within walking distance of my house.

The sun was just starting to set. Off to the side of the park is a well-hidden stretch of forest. As I walked toward the forest, the anticipation killing me, a cool breeze blew up the short skirt of my dress a tiny bit, over the moist cleft between my legs.

I found a large tree branch lying on the ground and sat down. Within two minutes I saw a tall, masculine figure coming toward me. A tingling sensation coursed all through me. As we hugged, I wrapped my arms around Matt, massaging his back.

He pressed himself to me and said, "I missed you."

"I missed you, too," I said, my heart soaring with the warmth I felt in his embrace. It's like that feeling you get after being out on a cold winter day then entering a warm, cozy home.

Matt took my face in his hands and smothered my lips with his. I surrendered to the kiss and ran my fingers around the waist of his jeans. He thrust his pelvis against me, then slid a hand between my legs and massaged my inner thighs. Then he slid a finger in my pussy, and I moaned as he moved it in and out of me teasingly.

I unzipped his jeans and reached in his shorts, then pulled out a nice, hard cock. I stroked it like mad.

"You like that?" he said in a guttural tone as my fingers worked his shaft.

Matt pulled my dress over my head, leaving me naked. He lowered his head and kissed my stomach then massaged my breasts as his tongue glided closer to my wet cunt. He parted my lips and guided his tongue back and forth on my clit. At first he moved slowly, caressing my lips with his tongue. I moaned in rhythm with it. Suddenly he moved his tongue faster. I felt a rush as if I was jutting straight down a roller coaster. My thighs quivered.

I gasped for a moment, catching my breath. Finally I said, "Okay, Matt, now I want to fuck your big cock."

Matt pulled my body up for a long, sensual kiss. He tugged on my nipples and cupped my breasts lovingly, then he propped me up by gripping my ass.

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Then he slowly buried his prick in me. When he began penetrating me with medium thrusts, I gripped his arms and tossed my head back.

"Oooh, nice, tight pussy," he said, pumping me harder.

"Oh, yeah," I moaned. "I love that big cock." I threw my head back again.

"You like that, don't ya?" he said. "Feels good, right?"

"Yes! Yes!" I panted.

Matt kept fucking, and I kept moaning. When he started breathing heavy, I became more intrigued. "Feel good, baby?" I said.

"Yes," he gasped, closing his eyes.

"You like fuckin' me?" I asked.

"Oh yeah," he said in his normal deep voice.

By then he was feeding me his cock ferociously. It hurt a little, I but wanted to see his face contort as he shuddered and deposited his load inside me. I was aching to see him come. I told him how much I love watching a guy come.

All he did was chuckle.

"You gonna come, baby?" I said, hoping to force him closer to climax.

"Oooh, yeah," he said, his voice quivering. I felt his cock tensing up inside me. It became harder for him to thrust with his inner thighs shaking the way they were.

"Come on, baby," I urged. "Mmmmm, I love that big cock."

"Uh, I'm gonna come," he moaned. I was enticed with the image of his beautiful cock spewing his come.

Suddenly he pulled out. I looked down at his erection and was surprised to see that his cock was still hard and purple at the tip. Without warning, he started tugging on his still-throbbing cock, and I stared as ropes of come streamed out onto me.

I barely had time to enjoy it, though, because all of a sudden we heard

some twigs breaking nearby. "Shit!" Matt hissed. A crowd of youngsters was walking our way. I leaped behind the tree trunk and quickly slipped my dress back on before they could see us.

"Wanna go to my place?" I said.

"Can't, babe," he said. "I've gotta get to my dad's. Sorry to make this so quick but I just had to see you."

"I understand, sweetie. Go do what you have to. There's always tomorrow," I said with sadness in my voice.

The next day was so freaking awesome! That man can fuck!

K.B.

St. Paul, Minnesota

CABIN FEVER

You arrive at a cabin in the mountains. Inside on a table you find two glasses and a bottle of expensive wine, along with a note telling you to follow the rose petals up the stairs, bringing the wine and glasses with you.

Climbing the stairs, you can't help but wonder what awaits you. What is she wearing? Is her hair pulled up, or is it down? Is she lying in bed or in a bath filled with bubbles?

You open the bedroom door and you see me standing across the room, wearing a long, dark-blue nightgown made of lace. Soft music is playing, and there are rose petals on the bed. I look at you, wondering if you get my hint that I want to make love to you.

You pour some wine into each of our glasses, walk slowly to me, kiss my cheek and hand me a glass. After we've both had a few sips, you set the wine glasses down, put your hands around my face and kiss me passionately. Totally taken by the moment, I rip your shirt off and rub my hands up and down your chest.

You pick me up and lay me down gently on the bed. You take off my

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nightgown, so my whole body is within reach of your hands. You kiss my neck, then move down to my breasts. When you get to my thighs, chills are running all through my body. You flick my clit with your tongue, which is pure heaven for me. I let out a soft moan.

You kiss your way back up me, and we embrace, indulging in a long erotic kiss. I roll you over on your back, remove the rest of your clothes and kiss and nibble your body. I grab your hard cock in my hand and stroke it. I take the head in my mouth and caress it with my tongue and lips.

I work my way back up to your lips, rubbing my cheeks against your beard. After we kiss romantically, I tell you to take me into the bathroom. You pick me up and carry me there. Some candles light the room, and the bath is filled with bubbles. You set me in the water and then join me. I climb on top of you, slip your hard-on in my pussy and massage it with my "other" lips. Your hands move all over me.

It feels so good that I dig my nails into your back. I grab your face and kiss you with everything I have left. I ride you harder and faster. I know you want to come but are holding back. I climb off you, and we both get on our knees, with me facing away from you, leaning over the edge of the bathtub. You slide your cock into my cunt. As you thrust in me, I grab a thick glass dildo and slide it in my asshole. The feeling of the thick, hard cock rubbing against your own stiff dick makes you pound me until you explode.

Your cock slowly slips out of me and I turn to you and smile. I grab your hand and take you to the bed where the rest of the night we pleasure each other over and over again.

A.L.

Charlotte, West Virginia

WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR?

A friend of mine came to town with me to run some errands I needed to do. It took us a half hour just to get there, since we live in the country.

Who am I kidding? We're friends with benefits!

We've fooled around together and sent each other pictures and videos of us masturbating. We've always talked dirty to each other, if we were just joking around or if we were being serious. And I love it. It always gets my pussy damp and his cock throbbing. It makes both of us crazy, and we know it.

While I drove, he started to mention our past experiences, remembering how on one occasion my pussy smelled and tasted really sweet. A tingly feeling came over my entire body. He had his hand on my thigh, moving closer to my most inner part, between my legs. He rubbed my thigh, and while he told me every detail of his naughty and dirty thoughts, my jeans started to become damp in the center. My outer lips were swollen, the whole area throbbed, and my clit hardened.

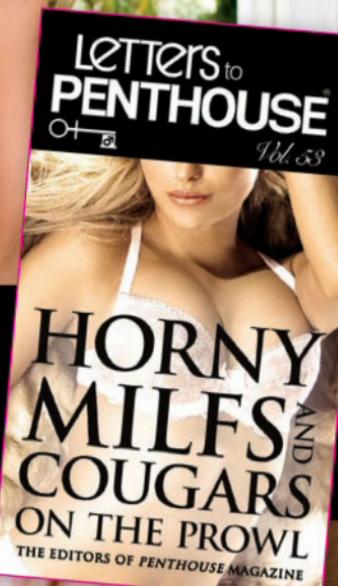
The half-hour trip was a little longer than usual, as we teased each other for over an hour. He would pull out his hard dick and stroke it in front of me. With every stroke, clear come pooled in the hole at the tip. As much as I tried to focus on driving, I couldn't help but watch. Jesus, I wanted him!

At every red light we hit, I found myself leaning my head into his lap to suck the come off his cock. Just watching him play with himself and listening to him say dirty things turned me on to where I could have come without him even touching me.

It got to be around lunchtime, so we stopped at a burger joint. He said he wanted to sit somewhere where he could play with my pussy under the

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table. Instead, knowing the sexual tension between us, I sat us down at the bar for some drinks.

While we sat there, I told him how wet he'd made my panties, how much it turned me on every time I sucked his cock in the car, and how much I loved to watch him stroke his hard dick. He said he wanted to see my panties so that he could breathe in my scent and taste my creamy come.

Good girl that I am, before we left I went to the rest room and took my panties off. I had a big smile as I got in the car, and just by looking at me he knew what I had done. Without hesitation, I handed him my wet thong. With a big smile, he wrapped it around his hand and inhaled deeply. Every deep breath he took turned me on more, seeing how he loved it.

He put the wettest part of the thong in his mouth and licked my cream. I kept getting hotter as he worked the thong over with his mouth. I wanted my lips wrapped around his cock bad, but I wanted it deep inside me, too. All I could think about was fucking him, riding that hard cock on my kitchen table. I couldn't wait to get him home.

On our way back from town, he told me to take off my pants, saying he wanted to smell and taste my pussy up close and personal. I put the car on cruise control and set one leg high on the dashboard so he could lick all the way down my pussy lips. His tongue made my clit hard, and my lips swelled as he licked and nibbled from one to the other. He pulled back to look at my swollen pussy, then started smacking it and playing with my clit.

I saw a string of my juices stretched from my pussy to his fingers. When he started a repeat session of sucking and licking every inch of my lips, I moaned and, keeping one hand on the wheel,

pushed his head in my pussy, so he'd get my juices on his chin, because after he was done, I was going to lick it all off his face. I never felt anything like it before. He licked my pussy clean till we got closer to my house.

The moment we stepped in the house, he practically ripped my clothes off of me while pushing me toward the kitchen table — just like I'd imagined! He laid me on the table, pushed my legs apart and licked and bit slowly up my thighs, teasing my pussy. I fought back my orgasm, not wanting it yet. I wanted more.

After a while I thought it should be his turn, so I lifted his head from my crotch and licked his chin clean, then told him to strip and lie on the table. With his cock hard and throbbing, I kissed his sac, then licked my way up his twitching shaft. He teased me by moving his cock up and down, turning me on even more.

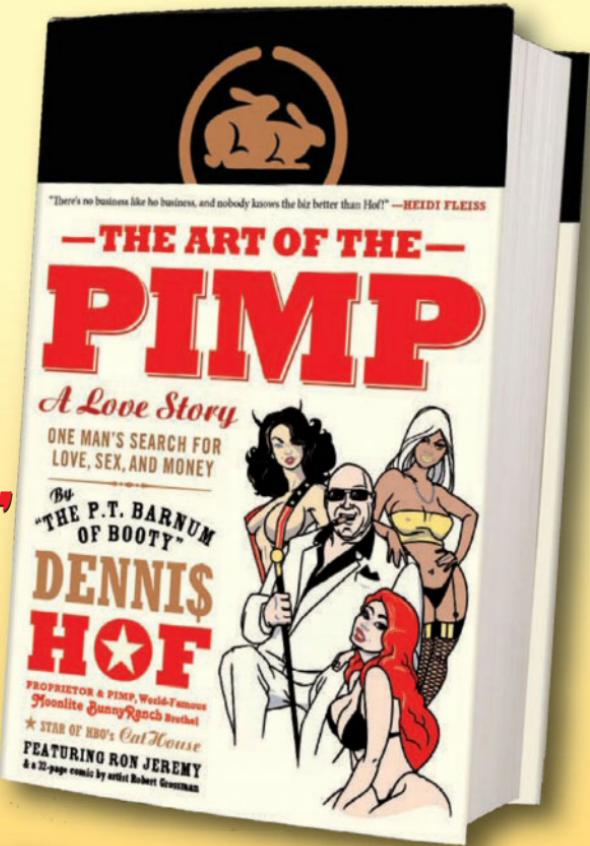
I wrapped my lips around the head, and then worked my way down, stroking it with my mouth from balls to tip. His deep moans got louder, making me even hotter. When I couldn't take it anymore, needing that cock right then, I forced my way on top of him and pinned his chest to the table when he tried to get up. I reached for his cock and slid it past my wet lips inside my pussy. I fucked him for a few minutes, loving being in control. I kept fucking him till my body tingled and I finally reached orgasm.

As I was finishing he threw me off, picked me up and took me to the bed, where he laid me down — with a force that said he meant business — then shoved his hard-on in me. The faster he fucked me, the more I screamed!

He saw my vibrator sitting on the nightstand and grabbed it. He stuck it in slowly at first, watching my pussy

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lips grab onto it. He pulled it back out slowly then pushed it in again. Gradually he moved it faster and harder. I felt myself heading toward another climax, and told him to slow down so he could see my lips pulse as I came.

We both shouted, "Oh god!" as I came. Afterward, I grabbed my toy and tossed it aside. I still needed to feel his cock inside me. I took hold of his arms and pulled his hot body on top of me, and soon enough I felt his cock buried in my throbbing pussy. I grabbed his ass and pulled him harder to me. He held me close to his hot sweaty body. I loved the feel and sound of his balls slapping the bottom of my pussy with each and every stroke.

He flipped me over so I could ride him again. I sat bolt upright on top of him, grinding my clit on his pubic bone while pinching his nipples. As he was about to come, he let out a scream. I watched his face intently as he exploded inside me.

The sex just keeps getting better and better and I have no complaints about remaining friends with benefits.

M.V.

Nashville, Tennessee

BLACKOUT BLOWJOB

You can believe it or not, and I wouldn't blame you if you don't. It was just one of those rare times in your life when a woman you hardly know shows up in knee-high fishnet stockings then pulls out a cold can of whipped cream right before she goes to town on your cock. You know, the kind of moment you spend your life hoping and praying for.

Anyway, before I can say the word fuck, the power goes out! I'm left with my balls hanging out while my hardened hammer gets a dose of pleasurable deep-throating. I don't get to see the action, but I just know she's eye-

balling me in the dark, still looking up at my face like she was just when the lights went out.

A little blackout is nothing to prevent this hottie from sucking me wild while sliding one hand up and down my legs and ass and clamping the other to my surging manhood. Even in the dark she gives it her oral all, her maximum effort to bring me to the point of blowing my foamy white pride all over her face.

However, with great effort on my part I refrain from exploding all over her face; God knows what else I would have hit in the dark. Instead, I slide my arm under her and lift her up gently by her moist snatch.

With my other hand I feel for the perky tits that seized my attention trying to break through her tight pink crop-top when she walked in. As if the image burned into my skull of a hot chick in a tight pink half-shirt, black mini and fishnet stockings isn't enough to keep me hard, she sucks my earlobe and licks inside my ear, forcing me to pick her up with both hands and throw her on my rock-hard erection while I'm still standing up.

Thanks to her being tiny it's no problem for me to flog her repeatedly as she rides me midair. I have to crouch slightly to keep my balance while I pummel her, or is it vice versa?

The whipped cream never had a chance, I was now ready to come more than that can of whipped cream could deliver, but I didn't want it to end.

Novice that I am, I pull out minutes later and cream all over her perky little A-cups, and keep coming until I almost can't feel my feet. Unfortunately we didn't get around to using the whipped cream, so we decided to save that for another time.

Just as the lights came back on my roommate walked in and almost had a

heart attack. As I made my apologies and rushed my girl out the door I noticed some of my sperm dripping off of my roommate's couch. Maybe he'll notice, maybe he won't, but it was sure as hell worth it!

G.E.

Dorchester, Massachusetts

GETTING SCHOoled

I had to go to my son's school for a meeting with his teacher. My wife stayed home with our other two children. I got a shock when I met Simon's teacher, a total hottie named Paulette who was about five foot two, with short brown hair and an adorable face that makes her look like a teenager. (I guessed she was about my age, 25, or maybe a year younger.) She has a fine curvy figure to go with what I can only think of as her "adorableness."

We got along well, managing to discuss Simon's progress (he's doing fine, she said) while also flirting an awful lot. I left that night with a weird feeling.

Two weeks later who did I run into at the supermarket but Paulette! We chatted and flirted more. Somehow in the course of conversation she mentioned a computer problem she'd been having. I offered to stop by and help, since I'm a programmer and all-around computer geek.

She said, "How about now?"

I followed her to her apartment and helped her carry her bags up. While I worked on her computer she came and went. Then she disappeared for a while. Just as I finished, I heard her call my name. I went to the room where she was, and nearly passed out!

It was her bedroom, and she was standing there in a white fishnet body suit with nothing on underneath. It hugged her body tightly, and I could clearly see her nipples and her pussy.

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She giggled and did a little spin, then asked if I liked it.

I nodded like the geek I am.

This produced another giggle. She said she got it at an adult novelty store to wear for an ex-boyfriend, but they'd broken up three months ago, and now she had no one to wear it for. "Seems a shame, doesn't it?" she said.

I was hard in a split second. I went over to her, bent over and kissed her cute little lips while running my hands over her soft curves. I ran my hands along her entire body, and then kissed her some more while gripping her ass.

We lay on the bed, and between kisses I worked the top of her body suit down so I could kiss her little breasts with their pebble-hard nipples, at the same time rubbing her pussy. After a pretty long foreplay session, she helped me get her out of the body suit, and I got undressed myself. While she was stroking my cock, I continued to get to know her body better, especially that fine little pussy of hers.

I had Paulette moaning in no time. I kissed my way down her body to her pussy, and when I went down on her, she went crazy. She was sobbing and moaning and doing these quick little gasps all at once.

She loved having oral sex done on her. Later she told me that her ex-boyfriend hated doing it. God, I thought, what a total dumb ass that guy must have been!

I ate that sweet, sweet pussy for almost a half hour before I climbed up her body. She got very quiet, almost scared, because she knew what was next. I could tell she didn't have a lot of experience. It turned out she'd only fucked two guys before. I put my cock to her entrance, and she gasped.

At first I thought that she was a virgin, but I reminded myself that she'd

already told me she wasn't. Nevertheless, as I entered her pussy, I found her extremely tight. She smiled and did those little gasps again. I think I even saw a tear or two in her eye. But when I asked her if she was okay, she quickly nodded, so I kept going.

I slid my cock in deeper, but ever so slowly. Although she wasn't a virgin, she was definitely as tight as one. After a long effort, I made one last lunge, and she let out a scream, but when I looked at her face, I saw that she was also still smiling.

I began my in-and-out action slowly and then built things up gradually, so that after about 10 minutes I was starting to really thump her. I was wondering how long I could last, when suddenly I found out. I came so quickly I couldn't pull out, and shot inside her.

I didn't pull out afterwards, either. I just kept going. I was so turned on that I didn't soften. Paulette's pussy was like some sort of suction device that just kept sucking me back in. Now I began to fuck her for real, knowing it would be a while before I came again.

I was fucking Paulette hard by that point, and she was crying out with each thrust. I even started to notice that the headboard was banging into the wall with each thrust. She lay there and took it like a champ, her body throbbing with pleasure. Finally she began to shake uncontrollably, her eyes rolled back, and she was gasping and humming like she was possessed. It was fucking awesome!

Paulette and I have gotten together many times since then but I'm starting to feel very guilty about what I'm doing to my wife and children. I've become obsessed with Paulette and I just can't seem to help myself.

D.F.

Fargo, North Dakota

PREGNANT BY TWO MEN

My wife Anna and I had been together for eight years, and all that time she insisted that she never wanted any children. She was obsessive about taking her Pill every day so she wouldn't get pregnant. So when I finally suggested that I get a vasectomy, she fell in love with the idea. But then, after it was done and I couldn't get her pregnant anymore, she decided that she wanted children after all!

As the months passed Anna became more and more miserable, and we had less and less sex. I'm not sure which of us first came up with the solution, but one night it dawned on us that someone else could get her pregnant. The more we talked about it the hornier we both got. Finally Anna suggested that Bryce, a guy she knew from her health club, would be a fin candidate, and I told her to go for it.

The next time Anna saw Bryce she invited him over for dinner, so I could meet the guy who would father our first child. On the day he was expected, Anna took a long bath, and then had me shave her puffy pussy lips. She then put a very short cotton skirt, a nearly see-through top with no brassiere, and three-inch high heels. I told her I loved the way she looked, and that Bryce would go crazy trying to peek at her bouncy boobs and her luscious nipples. While waiting for Bryce to arrive Anna got so wet she soaked her panties. She started to change them, but took my advice when I suggested she just pull them off and go without.

Bryce arrived right on time. He and I hit it off and were soon getting along like old friends. After dinner we had a few drinks out on the porch, and soon Bryce was flirting openly with my horny wife. The chilly night air quickly had Anna's big red nipples hard as rocks,

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and I liked the way Bryce couldn't keep his eyes off them.

We finally got around to our proposal, and I wasn't surprised when Bryce accepted right away, saying that he would really enjoy getting Anna pregnant for me, however long it took. Of course it helped that Anna is an attractive redhead, blessed with a slim five-foot-four, 110-pound body, great legs, a tight butt and firm nice breasts.

With that we moved back inside, where the two of them started fooling around in earnest. They didn't need me there, so I took off to give them some time alone. Anna and I had already planned that I would spend the night at a motel if everything went well between then, so after 20 minutes I called home to see if I should stay out all night. Anna sounded horny as hell when she answered the phone, panting and breathing hard. When I identified myself she just said she'd see me in the morning, and hung up.

Things seemed to be going along as planned, so I drove around, thinking about what they were doing. I finally stopped at a motel that had a bar and a nightclub. I checked myself into a room, then went to see if I could get drunk enough to forget about what was going on at home. I couldn't; my cock was hard all night.

When I got home in the morning, Bryce's car was still in the driveway. My dick twitched in my pants just thinking about it. I opened the door quietly and went in. The house seemed still, so I started to put on some coffee, till I heard the unmistakable sounds of sex coming from our bedroom. I forgot about the coffee and slipped quietly upstairs. As I approached the bedroom the sounds got louder, and when I reached the open bedroom door I saw my sweaty, grunting wife riding Bryce's

massive cock with more passion and lust then I could have imagined. She was swinging her big tits and her long red hair around, moaning and groaning as she bounced up and down on Bryce's huge rod. In no time at all she had a wild orgasm while Bryce pumped his (hopefully) fertile sperm into her sopping-wet hole.

With my cock hard, I went downstairs to finish making coffee. When they smelled it perking, Bryce and Anna came down to join me. The situation felt a bit weird at first, but it turned me on, and it evidently did the same for them. Soon they were hot again for each other, even after a night of wild sex, and they didn't seem to mind that I was there. Bryce pulled his chair back from the kitchen table so that Anna could climb up onto his fat seven-inch tool. She looked me right in the eye as she rubbed the head of that thing around her wet pussy, getting it into place. Then with a sigh of pleasure she closed her green eyes, took a deep breath and lowered herself all the way down on Bryce's cock.

I went over to my wife and kissed her as she slowly moved up and down on Bryce's meaty monster. She was moaning and groaning about how good that big thing felt inside her, and it didn't take long before she was spasming in orgasm. I went on holding her in my arms until Bryce filled her beautiful pussy with yet more sperm, and when he did I blasted a load of come all over her bouncing breasts. Anna quickly brought her hands to her breasts and massaged my spunk into her skin like lotion.

After that Bryce and Anna hooked up as often as they could for some hot wet sex. I'd come home from work almost every day to find her big beautiful pussy full of cream, which she had

saved for me to suck out of her before she cleaned up. Then after dinner she would go over to Bryce's place for a few more hours of sex.

The two of them fucked constantly for over a month, until Anna discovered she was pregnant. Nine months later she gave birth to a beautiful baby girl. Anna was very happy, but she wasn't satisfied with one; she said she wanted to have three kids right in a row. As soon as she had recovered from that first birth, she started talking about having another.

It turned out that my hot wife was horny for this young black guy named Aaron, who she'd met at work and who she'd been flirting with, and she wanted him to get her pregnant this time. As with Bryce, I told her to invite him over and see what happened.

Aaron turned out to be very tall and well built. He and I got along great, and I could see by the bulge in his pants why Anna picked him. When the subject came up, Aaron, of course, said that he would like nothing better than to get my wife pregnant. This time, however, Aaron took Anna out for the night, while I stayed home and watched the baby.

Again I fantasized all night long about what my cock-crazy wife was up to as I masturbated alone in our bed. When Anna got home the next day she happily showed me her very used pussy. She also told me all about how huge Aaron's dick was, and how she was going to love having him fuck her with it until she got pregnant. I was so hot that I made love to her with her pussy full of Aaron's sperm then ate her out, sperm and all, until she came.

Anna began to fuck Aaron almost every night, while I babysat at home. As soon as I got in the door she'd leave to drive over to his place a few blocks

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away, and she would return hours later with a her beautiful sex-stretched fuckhole filled to the brim with his hot come. Even so, it took almost three months before she finally got pregnant, and this time she gave birth to a wonderful baby boy.

As soon as she was ready, Anna started talking about getting pregnant yet again, but that time she couldn't decide who she wanted to be the father. Finally she said she would like to try being a promiscuous slut, fucking different guys every night until she got pregnant. That way we wouldn't even know who the father was. I couldn't believe how turned on I was when she told me that, and I immediately told her that she should go for it.

Since then it's been a blast knowing that my wife's out getting it on with strange men and loving every minute of it. Nearly every night I stay home, watching over our two kids, while Anna goes downtown to various bars and dance clubs, picking up men and fucking them like crazy. She usually comes home a little before dawn with a creamy sperm-filled love hole, and I get to enjoy her juicy leftovers.

D.J.

Newport Richie, Florida

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO US

Two weeks ago my wife Candice and I had a birthday get-together for our friend Iggy, who got divorced last year and had been in kind of a dry spell. We invited two other couples to join us. Unfortunately, at the last minute one of the wives got sick, and the other had to work, but their husbands, Lloyd and James, said they'd come over anyhow, to avoid disappointing Iggy.

After they arrived we had some drinks but with only the five of us present, and Candice the only female, it

wasn't quite the same. Things were pretty dull until one of the guys jokingly said we should put on a porno flick or hire a stripper. I said that I could supply the porn flick if they were interested, and they all were. Candice said it was fine with her too, but I noticed that she disappeared upstairs as I put the DVD in the machine.

We'd been watching the flick for 15 or 20 minutes when Candice came back down. We were shocked when she appeared. She was wearing a short black leather skirt, a see-through blouse, black stockings and heels.

"Okay, guys," she said. "You've had the porn, now here's a stripper." With that she turned on some dance music and began to do a very slow, teasing striptease, gradually losing the skirt and blouse until all she had on were her stockings and black lace panties.

We all quickly forgot about the movie as we watched her strutting and parading around. I could hardly believe her actions, but I was horny as hell, too. Wondering how far she'd go with this, I asked if she had a special present for Iggy. She nodded and sauntered seductively up to him, then dropped to her knees, unzipped his pants and pulled out his hard-on. She teasingly kissed the head, and then licked the shaft; then, never breaking eye contact with him, she engulfed his entire cock, taking it down to the base as Iggy let out a very appreciative moan.

She deep-throated him for at least 10 minutes, but wouldn't let him climax. Finally she stood and led him by his cock to the center of the room, where she lay down on the coffee table, arched her hips and told the birthday boy to open his present.

After looking to me for approval, Iggy reached down, grasped my wife's panties and slowly pulled them down



her shapely legs and then completely off. As Candice parted her thighs, Iggy knelt between her legs to inhale her scent before he dipped his head to kiss and lick her inner thighs and eventually her wet cunt. Candice began to moan. Glancing at the other guys I saw that they both had their cocks in their hands, stroking them, so I took mine out too. This was all so damn hot, I couldn't believe it was actually happening. It was a total surprise!

Candice had noticed the additional action, which seemed to excite her even more, and she soon cried out as she climaxed. When she calmed down a bit, she said to Iggy, "Okay, birthday boy, you can enjoy your present now."

Iggy got up and awkwardly mounted my wife, and together they fed his dick slowly into her pussy. As he slid deeper inside her, they both began to moan and groan with pleasure. Iggy quickly began to fuck her, and I knew that he wouldn't be able to last long. And I was right, because he soon started gasping, and he asked if he should pull out. Candice panted that he could do whatever he wanted, since it was his birthday, and with that he came, shooting what I can only imagine was a big load of pent-up sperm inside her.

As he fell away, Lloyd got up and approached her, but Candice stopped him, saying that it was Iggy's birthday, not his, and that he would have to wait till his birthday to have that kind of fun.

She did, however, give both James and Lloyd an excellent blowjob, letting them come all over her face and tits.

As Iggy left to go home he thanked us over and over again and said that she was the best present ever! James and Lloyd can't wait for their birthdays and neither can I!

W.P.
Calgary, Ontario

BEST. HUSBAND. EVER.

I know you get lots of letters from husbands who like to watch their wives getting fucked by another man. This letter's no exception, except my wife would never go for it — until a couple of weeks ago, that is!

One Monday morning I was sent home early because of a power failure at work. When I got home the stereo was on, but I didn't see Roberta. I went upstairs, and when I got to the top I heard voices. I moved closer to the bedroom and heard Roberta telling someone to fuck her hard and give her his come. I was frozen with shock. When I looked inside I saw my wife having outrageous sex with a friend of ours named Wally. As I watched he came inside her and filled her up, as she'd requested.

Quickly I snuck out and went to a pay phone, then called Roberta and told her I was on my way home. When I walked in the door, she and Wally were sitting calmly in the kitchen, having coffee. I tried to act like nothing had happened, which was difficult. Before Wally left I invited him out that night for drinks, and we arranged to meet around seven o'clock.

Once Wally was gone I asked Roberta how many times he'd fucked her. She was shocked, looking like a deer caught in the headlights. I then told her what I had seen, and I reached up her skirt to find her naked, come-filled pussy. Roberta moaned as I slid two fingers into her cream pie, then she reluctantly admitted that they had been having an affair for over a year. She begged me to forgive her and promised to end it all. I told her there was no need for that, as long as it didn't interfere with our love life or our marriage. With that she kissed me and said I was the best husband ever.

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That night at the bar, Roberta and I told Wally that I knew all about them, and I said that it was okay with me, provided that nothing happened to hurt our marriage. Wally was relieved and assured me that Roberta loved me and that what they had was sex.

Shortly after that I had a slow dance with Roberta, and I fondled her on the dance floor. She seemed to be very excited, and she told me that if I wanted to watch her and Wally fuck, I could that night. I agreed eagerly. Roberta then danced with Wally. They held each other tightly on the dance floor, and I saw them kissing. Between kisses she was talking to him, and I knew she was telling him what she had told me.

A short time later we left. When we got home Roberta went upstairs while Wally and I went into the living room for a drink. When she returned she was wearing only panties and high heels. She smiled at us as we both let out a long whistle. She then asked Wally if he was ready for a hot fuck. He nodded, and off we went to the bedroom.

Once there, they soon got naked and lay on the bed, kissing and fondling each other. Wally began to finger her pussy, and I could see her cunt lips opening as he did so. While he played with her, she began stroking his erection. After a while Wally got on top of her, lifted her legs onto his shoulders and eased the head of his cock into her pussy. He then fully impaled her with a solid thrust that made her gasp loudly.

Roberta's very vocal when she has sex, and that night was no exception. They fucked hard, and Wally made my wife come twice before coming himself. After he was done he slowly got up from between her legs, and I could see her pussy, open and full of his jism. It trickled from her swollen hole, down her over ass and onto the bedsheets.

Roberta looked over at me then and asked if I had enjoyed the show, and I said I had. She then asked me to go down and get them both some drinks, which I did. I returned to see that Roberta was lying on her back and Wally was sucking her hard nipples. As he sucked her he also had a finger in her asshole, which was obviously driving her wild. Each time she arched her back he drove his finger in deeper, her anal muscles gripping his finger tightly. Roberta went nuts as Wally fingered her at lightning speed and bit her nipple. She shot off like a rocket and was spewing such filth out of her mouth that my dick was immediately looking for release. I wanted it to be in her slutty, well-used cunt.

Wally wound up spending the night and fucking Roberta twice more, once up the ass. This drove her up the wall, and she climaxed so violently that she nearly passed out.

They still get together regularly to fuck. Sometimes I'm there and sometimes I'm not. But whether I am or not, I still get her cream pie, and that's all that really matters to me.

J.Q.

Scottsdale, Arizona

BULL'S EYE!

One Saturday night I heard a knock at my door, which surprised me because it was pretty late. I answered the door to find a hot, sexy woman wearing a trench coat. She walked in with a big smile and greeted me with a hug and a kiss. She then took off her coat, revealing a white lace teddy and matching thong. She was also wearing thigh-high stockings and black high heels. Through the thin teddy I could tell that her nipples were erect, possibly due to the cold. Her long blonde hair made her look like a model.



"Hi, Marcia," I said. "Would you like a drink?" She said yes, and I fixed us each a scotch on the rocks.

"You said you never wanted to see me again," I said as I gave her a glass.

She shrugged. "Well, I was angry," she said. "But tonight I'm lonely. You want to throw me out, or do you want to play a game of darts?"

"Strip darts?" I said.

"Why not?" was her answer.

Marcia and I had played strip darts before, under other circumstances. The rules were as follows: For a single bull's eye, the other player takes off one article of clothing. For a double, two articles. The loser of the game performs a strip tease for the winner.

I suggested that she go first. She threw a double 20, a single 17, and a single 19. As she went to retrieve her darts, she looked sizzling hot. The teddy was held together in back by only a few strips of cloth, with the bottom open. Her ass, barely covered by the thong, was nice and round, and displayed a sexy tattoo that I remembered well. And in those heels she looked incredible.

It was my turn. I wanted to get as many bull's eyes as I could to get her naked; unfortunately, I didn't hit any.

For her turn she threw a dart that bounced off the dartboard, then a single 16 and a double 19. As she went to retrieve the darts, she purposely bent over, as if to taunt me with her firm ass. I felt myself getting aroused. She smiled at me as she slapped her ass.

It was my turn again. As I was getting ready to throw the first dart, she came up behind me, grabbed my ass and blew in my ear. Damn, she had me totally distracted. I missed my mark by a mile and she gave me an evil grin.

Her turn again. She managed to get a single bull's eye. She approached me

and decided my belt was to come off. She unbuckled the clasp, and as she did so she grabbed my cock. She pulled the belt out of my jeans and handed it to me. I gave her a playful tap on the ass with it. I was hard as hell.

It was my turn again, and I told myself to focus. I did my best, and came up with a single bull's eye. Immediately I went over to her and pulled off her thong. I had to feel her. Her shaved pussy was warm and wet. I rubbed her clit, and then inserted a finger to tease her. She squirmed, and I smiled. When I removed my finger from her wet pussy I placed it in her mouth, and she licked off her juices happily. I found myself getting aroused again, thinking of how good that mouth had once felt on my hard cock.

It was her turn again, and that time she got a double. She approached me and decided my shirt would come off. She unbuttoned the buttons, smiling and licking her lips as she did so. When the shirt was open she glided her fingers through my chest hair and kissed my neck. Then she nibbled on my earlobe and blew in my ear again, sending goose bumps down my spine.

Next she went for my jeans. Smiling, she opened the snap and unzipped the zipper, all the while fingering my package with her other hand. I was very hard, my cock throbbing with anticipation of what was about to come.

With only my boxer briefs on, I was so fucking distracted that I could hardly shoot straight when it was my turn. She clearly had the upper hand. For her part she shot another bull's eye.

With a huge smile and a wink, she walked over and pulled down my boxers. Then she got down on her knees and licked at my balls before going for my hard, thick cock. She moaned as her tongue twirled around the head,



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sending tingling sensations all through my body. "Oh yeah!" I muttered, pulling her face close so she could take all my cock. "Yes, you naughty little girl, suck my cock, suck it!"

Marcia moaned with pleasure as she did as I said, and within minutes I was ready to shoot my load, but I needed to fuck her soundly. I made her stop and pulled her up to her feet.

I walked her over to the couch, bent her over and put my cock into her wet pussy. I gave her a few light slaps on her ass as I moved in and out, because I remembered she liked that. She gasped and moaned with pleasure.

As she was getting close to climax, I pulled out, got an ice cube from my drink and rubbed it over the crack of her ass, so that the water would work as a lube. She begged me to slide my cock into her. She wanted it really bad. I slapped her ass a few times before I slid my stiff dick into that twitching hole. We soon worked into a nice rhythm, and she moaned as my strokes went deeper inside her. That girl loved always having her backside reamed. "Yes, fuck me!" she yelled. "Fuck that ass!" I moved faster and harder, and after a few more thrusts she orgasmed. Within a few minutes I came too, shooting come inside her.

Exhausted, we lay there on the couch, my head resting on her breasts as we held each other. "Want to play another game?" she asked me mischievously after a while.

"No thanks," I said. "I wouldn't mind fucking you again though. If I can get hard again."

She giggled. "Let's see," she said, and moved down to take me in her mouth. She licked and kissed and sucked until once again I was rock-hard. But she didn't stop. I lay there with a big smile on my face, thinking

that this woman was just incredible. A little crazy for sure, but still . . .

C.C.
Atlanta, Georgia

TAP THAT ASS!

I was in the kitchen making a sandwich when I heard a sound behind me, and I turned around to see her standing there in the doorway. Jeans, button-up shirt and pumps. The blueness of her eyes was almost glowing as she stood there in a coy pose, biting on her bottom lip. That was all it took. I couldn't help the growing bulge in my jeans, and I knew it was obvious.

I forgot all about the sandwich I was supposed to be making as she started walking toward me. I saw her glance down at my crotch, and then smile. I probably looked like a schmuck, standing there motionless as she placed her hands on my chest. A small shiver went down my spine. She noticed it, and again showed me that small evil smile.

I reached around and pulled her in as she started to undo my shirt buttons. The smell of her hair, the heat from her body — I couldn't take it anymore. Touching her cheek, I pulled her into me and let my tongue taste her mouth, deep and slow. She leaned in to accept my offering, and I could already feel my dick strain against my jeans. My free hand found its way to her ass and caressed its firm roundness, pulling her in more as the kissing became more needy and intense.

Pulling me away from the counter, she pressed me hard against the nearest wall. I hit it with a thud, but there was no time to even consider pulling away as she was pressed hard against me in an instant. Her hands worked their way quickly down my front to my jeans, and in seconds she had me in her hands, gripping me tightly as she



stroked me. I begged her to stop it, wanting to be inside of her. Badly. But she continued, kissing my neck and my chest as she went on stroking me.

Then she was whispering in my ear, telling me to show her how much I wanted her. She was a master tease, never letting me touch her for long. Dropping to her knees without warning, she took all of me into her mouth, almost gagging on the swollen monster that she had created, but taking it in and holding it there as her head began to move slightly.

After a couple of long, deep strokes with her mouth, I reached down to pull her away, as I was about to take the back of her head off with what was getting ready to come out of me. Pushing my hands away from her head she dove in again, taking so much of me into her mouth that I could no longer take it. I begged her to stop, telling her that this isn't how I wanted to have her. I wanted to feel every inch of her. That got her attention and she slowly pulled off my dick.

She slowly stood up, her body pressing into me, moving, squirming against mine. Within seconds I was rock-hard again, every part of my body on fire. Pushing her away gently, I stood her against the counter. I didn't waste time opening buttons. Gripping her shirt with both hands, I tore it open, listening to the sound of buttons falling in the distance. Before the last one fell one of her breasts was in my mouth, and the other in my hand. I continued to suck her perfect breasts, alternating between them while my hands went down her front to undo her jeans. I slid the jeans down as far as I could, and my kisses started moving south.

I moved my mouth down over her stomach, a hand stroking her crotch until I was able to slide a finger into

her, followed by my tongue. She was soon grinding into me as I found her G-spot, lashing with my tongue as deeply as possible. After a minute I began to vary my strokes, from deep and slow to fast and flickering, hitting her most sensitive spots. I felt her hands sliding through my hair, her body bucking harder and harder by the second. When she was quivering with anticipation I removed my tongue and slid her jeans down to her feet.

With my hands guiding her, she turned around and then leaned forward over the counter. By that point I was dripping so badly there was a pool on the floor. From behind, I leaned in one more time to taste her. With both hands on her buttocks I slowly separated her ass cheeks and moved my tongue upwards.

I felt her stiffen and heard her moan as I traced the shape of her asshole with my slippery tongue. I pressed it against that tiny opening, pushing harder and harder until the tip slipped inside her. I began moving it in and out, continuing to caress her cheeks as her moans grew louder. Going deeper, I gradually managed to loosen the tight bud of her anus. Every now and then I slid a finger deep into her pussy, rewarding myself with the feel of her warm, slick wetness.

When she began to beg me for my cock, I slowly pulled away and stood up, sliding every inch of my dick into her clutching pussy. With a finger now caressing her twitching asshole, I slowly pulled almost all the way out and then slammed myself back into that eager body. Gradually I sped up my movements, pumping faster and faster, the rhythm continuing to build until it was almost violent. Her breasts were in my hands then, her sweet-smelling hair in my face. The intensity was build-

ing faster with every pounding stroke. I could sense her knees starting to buckle. Her moans changed to mewling whimpers, and then to loud, pleasurable screams. I moved harder and harder, ready to explode whether she did or not. Then she gave a deafening shriek and our bodies tensed, quivering together uncontrollably. I held on to her, as deep inside her as I could get, and the moment seemed to last forever as our passion boiled over.

As we caught our breath she turned and smiled the smile that makes me crazy with lust for her. The she asked if I wanted a sandwich. Smart ass!

J.D.

Raleigh, North Carolina

WET AND READY

Being out in the hot, sticky weather all day, I decided I wanted to take a nice relaxing shower and wash away all the sweat covering my body.

After I rinsed my hair I grabbed the body wash and started to soap myself all over. I sighed a bit as I massaged my breasts. They're beautiful, round and perky and just the right size, 38D. After I'd massaged them for a while I started to play with my nipples. I could feel my pussy getting wet, and not just from the water. It had been a while since I'd had sex, and just the touch of my hand was turning me on. I slowly slid one hand down over my stomach to my pussy. My head fell back and I heard myself moaning as I rubbed it. I was getting hotter by the minute.

I knew I had to keep going. It was feeling so good and so right. After a while I slipped a finger inside myself, while with my other hand I rolled my nipple between finger and thumb. Soon I was moaning louder and moving my finger in and out. Oh God! I was ready to come. I pumped my fin-



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ger deeper and faster into my throbbing pussy until I came. I could feel my juices running down my leg.

When I was breathing normally I finished washing up, then stepped out of the shower to dry myself off.

"Enjoy yourself?" Mark asked.

"Oh my God!" I gasped. "How did you get in here?"

"Your front door was open, baby. And you knew I was coming over tonight, didn't you?"

"How long have you been here?"

"Long enough to want to fuck you," he said, grinning.

That was obviously true, because he had taken off his clothes and I saw that his cock was ready for action. The sight of it made me start to tingle again.

Before I could say anything more he moved in on me, pushing me with his body against the shower door and kissing me hard on the lips, his tongue tangling with mine. I felt one hand on my breast, his fingers rolling my nipple, his other playing with my clit. I moaned softly. My knees started to buckle and I was ready to fall, but he had his arms wrapped tightly around me so I wouldn't. The next thing I knew I was being carried to my bedroom and kicked the door shut behind him.

As he laid me down I expected to be fucked right then and there, and you can bet I wasn't about to object. But instead he walked to the dresser and pulled out an eight-inch vibrator that he knew I kept there. This was going to be interesting!

He came back to the bed and turned the dildo on. He placed it right against my clit, and the vibration immediately drove me insane. My body started to twist around, but he held me down with his other hand, making sure I couldn't escape the deliciously intense sensation.

After a moment he began to move the dildo around a bit, causing me to twitch and buck as it slid tantalizingly over my sensitive pussy. Finally he slid the vibrator gently inside me and started to fuck me with it. The thing was just about to bring me to climax when he pulled it out.

As I groaned with frustration, Mark quickly put his big hard dick where the dildo had been. He pounded hard into my pussy until I was again moaning with pleasure. Then he pulled out and flipped me over so that my ass was sticking up in the air. He bent down and kissed each of my ass cheeks, and then proceeded to fuck me doggie-style, pounding me harder and faster with each stroke. I was shrieking and pushing back at him like crazy, and when I came I thought I was going to burst into pieces.

Mark was about to come too, but he pulled out again. "Turn around," he panted, "cuz I'm gonna come all over those tits." I did as he said, and he jacked off and cried out as his come squirted all over my tits, into my mouth and down my stomach.

Then it was time for another shower.

Name and address withheld

SHARE CHER, THAT'S FAIR!

My wife Cher has no reason to ever cheat on me. Not only have I given her permission to fuck other men, but I have had the pleasure of watching her do it. Cher has posed for me and my garage-sale Polaroid many times with our next-door neighbor Len, and I have many pictures of his hard cock deep in her pussy. Every time they pose for me I tell Len not to come inside her, as I fear he might get her pregnant. But sometimes he's just unable to control himself, and fills her with his come. He has shot his jism into her at least four

times, and there's probably a lot more to come.

I always enjoyed watching my wife being fucked by Len, but I have other fantasies too, and last month I finally got up the nerve to ask if there were maybe a couple of men at her place of work who she might enjoy having sex with. I told her I would love to watch her get nailed by two guys at the same time. I wasn't sure how she would react, but Cher delighted me by saying that she would see what she could do. Four days later Cher told me she had set things up for the next Sunday afternoon with two guys from her office. I was so excited that I could hardly wait for the day to arrive.

Sunday afternoon Cher got ready for her two friends. When she came downstairs to join me I couldn't believe what I was looking at. Cher was a beautiful sight. Her long hair was piled in a bun on the top of her head, and she was wearing glasses, which she didn't wear often, but which for some reason made her look extra sexy. She was also wearing a plain white short-sleeved blouse, sheer dark nylon stockings, black high-heeled shoes and a pleated skirt so short it didn't quite cover the tops of her stockings.

When she sat across from me I could see the black garter straps stretched tightly across her soft white thighs, and when she crossed her legs I caught a quick glimpse of her skimpy panties. At that point I almost wished that her two friends weren't coming. I wanted all that good stuff under her skirt all for myself!

When the doorbell rang Cher rose to answer it. I watched her wiggling ass and shapely calves as she left the room on her three-inch heels. I wasn't going to have any trouble getting a hard-on that afternoon.

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I could hear her greet her friends at the door, and in a minute she introduced me to Billy and Wesley. Both men were about 30, I figured, not much younger than Cher and me. Both were slightly over six feet tall and on the muscular side. I felt that Cher had chosen her partners well. I also noticed that both men wore wedding rings.

Cher brought beer for us and a wine cooler for herself, then sat on the couch between Billy and Wesley while I sat across from them in my usual chair. Again my eyes were glued to what was under Cher's skirt. But then it was time to get things started.

"I wonder if you guys would do me a big favor," I said. I reached down behind the chair cushions and came up with three pieces of nylon paracord. "Would you mind tying my hands and feet to this chair?"

They all looked at me as if I was crazy, including my wife. This was one fantasy I had never told her about, a scenario where two intruders entered my home, overpowered me and bound me in a chair so that I had to watch them having sex with my beautiful sexy wife. This seemed like the perfect time to live that fantasy out.

After their initial surprise, Billy and Wesley just looked at each other and shrugged. They then approached me and took the paracord and had soon secured my wrists and feet. They did a good job of it, too. Then they turned away and headed for Cher, again seating themselves on either side of her.

It was Billy who made the first move. "You know, Cher," he said, "ever since I first laid eyes on you I've been wanting to do this." He then pulled my wife close to him and began kissing her on the mouth. Cher not only allowed herself to be kissed, but also actively kissed him back. My cock was already throb-

bing as Wesley placed a hand on Cher's nylon-covered knee.

Billy and Cher continued to kiss as Wesley slid his hand up over her leg to the expanse of bare thigh above her stocking tops. With one extra push he was looking at my wife's panty-covered crotch. Her transparent panties didn't hide a thing. Cher never bothered shaving or even trimming her pubic area. Her pussy hair was dark brown and very thick, and from where I sat it looked like there was more of it outside her panties than inside.

As soon as Wesley's fingers touched my wife's crotch she jumped, breaking off the long kiss with Billy. Although she was obviously excited, she began to play a game with the two men, pretending to resist, trying very ineffectually to push their hands away from her body. She struggled playfully between the two of them, all the time laughing and giggling and having a good time, while their hands fondled her breasts and pussy, her feigned resistance only making them hotter, which was obviously its purpose.

As my wife continued her playful struggle, her skirt rose well above her waist, and Wesley quickly pulled down her panties. He asked Billy, "Do you want to fuck the mouth or the cunt?"

"I'll take that mouth," said Billy.

"Great," Wesley said. "I want to see what that pussy feels like."

Both of them began to remove their clothes. Cher's skirt was still around her waist, but she didn't bother covering herself up as she took in the sight of their hard cocks. When they were naked they placed her on all fours on the floor, Cher no longer even pretending to resist. Billy stood in front of her as she began to kiss and lick his hard erection. He looked over at me then, saying, "Watch this." Taking my wife's

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head in both hands, he stuck his cock into her open mouth.

Wesley had his nose at the crack of my wife's ass, taking in her aroma as he tongued her crotch. Before long, he moved up behind her and began doggie-fucking her as she moaned with pleasure around Billy's dick.

In just a few minutes Cher was shaking with approaching orgasm, and she pulled her mouth away to cry out with joy just as Billy exploded, his come shooting all over her face. A moment later Wesley gave a shout and spurted into her pussy. As for me, tied and helpless as I was, I almost came also as my favorite fantasy finally came true.

Name and address withheld

THE OFFICE PIN CUSHION

My hubby Jay and I have been together for almost 20 years. At the time of our marriage I was a shy and withdrawn 25-year-old virgin, and I always had the secret feeling that I had missed out on something by not having a little more sexual experience.

I managed to suppress this regret for a long time, but last year I started looking at some erotica on the internet, and pretty soon I couldn't stop thinking about all kinds of sex. I was surprising myself with some of the thoughts going through my mind. When I was at work I fantasized about fucking my boss, or the cute twentysomething stud that worked with me. Of course those guys never noticed me. I always dressed conservatively, and to them I was just the plain lady in the accounting department.

Things began to change last year when Jay and I attended his company's holiday party. I dressed conservatively as usual, but I really felt out of place when I saw the things the women

from his office were wearing. Some wore miniskirts with tall boots, others had on low-cut blouses or sexy dresses. Throughout the evening I caught Jay checking out those women, and I was jealous.

A few days later, as Jay and I were having drinks, I brought up the women at the party and mentioned to him that I'd been a bit jealous. Jay just shrugged. "Well, Rosie, why don't you ever dress more sexy?" he said. "I love you, but it wouldn't kill you to wear a short skirt or tight jeans once in a while."

So that weekend I went out and bought some clothing that was completely out of character for me. Jay had given me his credit card, and I went on a real shopping spree. I bought a black leather miniskirt, along with a longer black leather skirt that came to just above the knee. I also bought myself some fishnet tights, black spandex leggings, shiny black knee-high boots, a shiny red camisole and a bikini top that could go with cutoffs or short shorts.

Although I was nervous about it, I was determined to wear some of my new clothes to work the next day. I dressed in the longer black leather skirt and my red camisole, with the black stockings and the knee-high boots. I also put on large silver hoop earrings, and a silver chain belt. When Jay saw me he couldn't believe his eyes. "My God, Rosie, you're so hot!" he said. For the first time in a long time I felt sexy, and even a little slutty.

At work everyone noticed the new me. In fact, two of the senior accountants asked me to go to lunch with them, and I accepted. We had a few drinks, and I started to get tipsy. Soon both my coworkers were staring at my small tits and putting their hands on my knee when we spoke.

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When lunch was over, I got into the back seat of the car with one of the guys while the other guy got behind the wheel. But instead of driving he watched as I let his friend massage my wet pussy. I felt very slutty as I pulled out his cock so I could suck it.

We wound up at a motel that afternoon instead of going back to the office, and I fucked and sucked both men. When I got home I felt so guilty that I told Jay everything. To my surprise he was more turned on than ever, and he made love to me more passionately than he'd done in years.

After that I started dressing provocatively every day, and soon I was having sex with a lot of the guys in the office. I became the office slut.

When Mr. Bondo, the president of our small company, called me into his office one day, I figured I was getting fired. But when I walked in I saw that Karen, one of the legal secretaries, was there as well. Karen also had something of a reputation around the office. She's blonde and very busty, and she was wearing leather pants and a brief halter-top. She looked great.

When Mr. Bondo asked Karen and me if we would be interested in going to a pool party at his place that weekend, where he was entertaining some business associates, we both agreed. Afterward we consulted each other about what to wear. Neither of us wanted to wear a full-on bikini, so we agreed we would both wear cutoff shorts with bikini tops.

When we arrived at the party we found that we were the only women, and we knew we were there to fuck the guys. It was a hot day, so Karen and I went into the pool. I couldn't believe how aroused all the guys got, and how quickly their hands were all

over us. Karen and I made sure that all of Mr. Bondo's clients were satisfied that day, and soon afterwards he gave us both promotions.

I truly enjoy being a slut, and my husband likes hearing about my various sexual encounters. Sex has never been better for me, both with Jay and with other men. I've gotten rid of all my old conservative clothing and now wear tight tops and miniskirts almost every day. You never know when you might have an opportunity to enjoy a new cock or two!

*R.M.
Newport, Oregon*

A MODEL SITUATION

My wife Bridgette has been on this kick about fixing up our kitchen and bathroom but I had to tell her that our budget just didn't allow for that sort of thing right now. She understood but wasn't happy. She decided to take a part-time job to cover the expenses. I had no problem with that, because I really do want her to have the things that would make her happy.

One evening after we'd had some fantastic sex, Bridgette surprised me by showing me an ad for a job she wanted to apply for. The ad called for women to model swimsuits and lingerie. Bridgette said that a friend of hers had done some modeling and had earned quite a bit in a short time.

I was dubious, not because I couldn't see her as a model — she's an attractive woman with a slamming body and men always flirt with her — but I suspected that the ad was a lure to entice women into sexual situations. Bridgette told me she thought the ad was legit and that she was confident she could handle any situation. "Besides," she added, "the money is great!"

At that point Bridgette grabbed hold of my cock under the bedsheets, remarking that the thought of her prospective job must have really excited me, since I had developed a raging hard-on. I couldn't deny it, and with the help of an exquisite blowjob she finally got me to agree that she should try this modeling job. I offered to go with her to her first shoot, but she told me that she didn't need a bodyguard, assuring me once again that she could handle anything.

After the first photo session, she said me that I didn't need to be worried because Javier, the photographer, was a gentleman and that he treated her very professionally. In response to my prodding, she told me that Javier was probably in his late 30s, and that he was tall and good-looking.

For the next few weeks everything went fine. At first Bridgette admitted to being a little self-conscious while posing for Javier in skimpy lingerie or bathing suits, especially when he would touch her to move her into different poses; but she soon got over that and began to feel very comfortable with him, to the point where she didn't always take time to close the dressing room door while changing. I remarked, only half-jokingly, that Javier must get pretty aroused when she tried on those sexy outfits.

Bridgette told me that she didn't really pay much attention, but she did own up to catching him staring at her once or twice when she was changing outfits. She also added that she felt very sensual wearing some of those clothes — especially the lacy lingerie. I began to notice that Bridgette was now taking some extra care with her grooming, and that her sexual appetite had definitely increased.

After a couple of weeks, Bridgette told me that one of the models Javier regularly used for semi-nude shots had been in an accident and was going to be out of commission for awhile, and that Javier had asked if she was interested in filling in for her, as he had a steady demand for this type of material. Semi-nude modeling offered more money than she'd been getting, but Bridgette wasn't sure how she felt about it at first. When she discussed it with me, I told her that it was her decision, and I'd support whatever she decided, but I did point out that she seemed to have become more sensual since she had started modeling, and that I had really enjoyed our great lovemaking lately.

Bridgette naturally decided to try it out, at least until the other model got back. For the next week, Javier had her pose in different scenes—as a cowgirl, a pirate, a nurse, a schoolteacher, a sexy chef and so on. She would start out by wearing a skimpy costume, and Javier would have her remove parts of it one by one until she was left with only one or two tiny pieces that barely covered up anything.

Apparently one of Javier's clients took a particular liking to Bridgette and kept ordering more and more photo sets, so that the two of them were busy almost every day and some weekends. One night in bed Bridgette told me that Javier now seemed to have a hard-on whenever he worked with her. I asked how big she thought it was, and she said somewhat vaguely that she tried not to notice things like that, but that she thought he was smaller than I am. Somehow I thought she might be fibbing.

The next development came when Javier told Bridgette that his client was

now requesting nude photos of her having sex with a man. He went on to say that the client had offered to pay a very attractive bonus, in addition to his usual fee. The money she would earn was more attractive than ever.

Bridgette was now truly conflicted. Posing nude, much less while having sex with someone in front of a camera, wasn't something she had ever really thought about doing. On one hand, she really wanted the money. But on the other hand, she said she loved me and didn't want to hurt our relationship. She even suggested that I should be the one to pose with her, so there wouldn't be any problem, but I told her that was out of the question, as there was no fucking way anybody would want to see my hairy old body.

Finally she asked me what I thought about Javier doing it with her, and I told her that probably made the most sense. She said she was worried about what I would think of her, and how I would react. I pointed out to her that over the last few months we had grown closer, that we had rekindled our sex life and that I loved her more than ever. I added that the idea of her doing that kind of photo session actually kind of excited me, and I knew it would be good for her as well.

I wasn't surprised when she told me that Javier had agreed to pose with her, using some timers and a wire remote control to operate his cameras during the shoot. I told her I was happy with her decision and that I wanted to hear about all the details. I also said that I wanted Javier to give me copies of all the pictures he took. After all, it was the least he could do for me, since I was essentially giving him permission to fuck my wife!

For this project Javier shot dozens and dozens of photographs, arranged

chronologically into a pretty clever narrative sequence that begins with the two of them not only fully dressed, but in formal wear, he in a tuxedo and she in a slinky, gold evening gown with a slit up one side that reveals lots of leg. Her tits are half exposed and look like juicy melons, accentuated by a beautiful necklace. In the first photo, the two of them are dancing cheek to cheek. In another, he's kissing her passionately, his hand sliding beneath her gown.

In the next sequence of photographs their clothes come off (Bridgette's first, of course) until they are both completely naked and really starting to get down to business. In one of the most remarkable photos Bridgette is on her knees, looking into Javier's eyes as she sucks his cock. Her red lips are wrapped tightly around his massive staff, the head making a big bulge in her cheek. She told me later that she was amazed at how huge his cock actually is. It was actually much bigger than mine — as I'm sure she already knew.

Another shot has Bridgette being fucked from behind with a look of pure ecstasy on her face. She later told me that that was when she had the first of many orgasms she experienced during the photo session. Another one of my favorite pictures has Javier fucking Bridgette with her legs draped over his shoulders, but with her nylons and her high heels still on.

Probably the best picture of all is of them sucking each other wildly in a 69 position, holding each other so tightly that their fingers dig into each other's flesh. Every one of the photographs exhibits a passion and a raw sexual intensity that I've rarely seen captured in pictures. When I was looking at them I had no doubt that Bridgette and I would be enjoying them for some time to come.

Instead of just doing some remodeling, we were actually able to put a new addition on the garage, thanks in large measure to Bridgette's earnings. But it didn't stop there. The client was so impressed with the photographs that he asked if it would be possible to commission some video of Javier and Bridgette having sex. She asked me if I have any problems with that, but I think she already knows the answer.

Of course I don't!

J.H.
Aspen, Colorado

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LISA ANN:

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